THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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The Battle of Britain

It is still too early to predict the outcome of the Battle of Britain. It is reasonable to suppose that the German attack has done heavier damage than the British admit, just as the R.A.F. raids on German and Italian industrial centers have undoubtedly produced serious harm. The Germans have a vast superiority in planes, partially but not entirely offset by the fact that the British ones are better and are proving highly effective. A point to remember is that the British are shooting down large proportions of German bombers, while the Germans destroy mostly British fighter planes. The bombers are far larger and more costly and carry bigger crews. During the first terrible days of invasion from the air, the British were working some of their pilots at a pace that cannot be long endured; but this may have been a temporary problem and not a real shortage of manpower. The next three or four weeks may tell the story; after that the famous English bad weather can be expected to hamper German operations.

In general, British morale seems to be magnificent. The American correspondent of a leading British newspaper reports that on the day when the fighting was worst, his home office cabled imperturbably for a complete story on Wendell Willkie's early life. If dogged pluck can win a war, Britain will win this one.

Who's Telling the Truth?

Since British and German claims of air losses are wildly at variance with one another, a good many people have a tendency to say that neither side can be believed and to dismiss all the figures as fantastic falsehoods. We think this attitude is wrong and that the British figures come a good deal closer to the truth than the German ones. There are several reasons for this:

1. Nearly all the fighting takes place over England and the planes from both sides fall on British soil or into adjacent waters.

2. The German count includes planes destroyed on the ground at airfields. No bombing pilot can be sure of destruction in such a case.

3. The British have made public elaborate details of their system of counting, which give a strong impression of reliability. There have even been complaints from some British sources that the government wasn't making a good enough case for itself in its claims.

4. Finally it has been proved that in the recent past the Germans have done some tall story-telling about the number of ships sunk and planes brought down. Their myth of invincibility must constantly be maintained at any cost to truth; that is always an essential part of the strategy of terror.

We are not assuming that the British are angels of purity, but their attitude is miles away from the German one. When the British say 699 German planes were destroyed from August 8 to 19, and the Germans admit only 194, we think the British figure is far closer to reality; and the British statement of their losses, 153, seems to us much more reasonable than the German claim of 775.

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Somaliland Goes

The loss of Somaliland is severe but not critical to the British. It is severe because it gives the Italians another useful base from which to harry British shipping going through the Gulf of Aden to or from the Suez Canal. It is not critical because the British naval forces are stronger than the Italians and Mussolini has still not succeeded in cutting the lifeline of the Empire. Even the Mediterranean, which Il Duce is fond of calling an Italian lake, is patrolled by His Majesty's navy. If the reports are reliable, the British retreat from Berbera was in no sense a disaster, although their forces were outnumbered ten or fifteen to one. The capitulation of the French has made the British situation very difficult, and has helped the Italians correspondingly. But the future of East Africa still waits to be decided above the white cliffs of Dover.

If This Be Treason

Ambassador Bullitt said the other day that if Great Britain falls the United States will be in great peril of a German attack. We believe he is right, and that those who still insist we have nothing to fear from Germany are guilty of incredible folly. The isolationists in the Senate took the occasion to call Mr. Bullitt all sorts of names. Senator Clark of Idaho went to the length of declaring that his speech was "very little short of treason." This depends, of course, on one's definition of treason. There are those who would apply the term to individuals who seek to prevent the country from being warned and prepared against an overwhelming danger. But we should not take the senatorial critics too seriously. In the days of Homer, Greek chieftains had a habit of killing the messenger who came bearing bad tidings. The isolationist Senators are trying to revive a very old custom.

Mr. Willkie on Decentralization

In one of the preliminary trial heats before his acceptance speech, Wendell Willkie brought forth an interesting but dangerous idea. Speaking at Des Moines he said that

> in the development in the United States in the past few years, our industrial plants have had a tendency to grow in size and to concentrate in certain sections of the country. One of the real problems of America, and it bears particularly on the defense program, is to bring about decentralization of industry, so that there may be brought back into these small towns of America industrial plants, to the end that medium-size businesses may be encouraged to survive, thrive and prosper.

Mr. Willkie must have been speaking on the spur of the moment, for this is pretty dangerous doctrine. It is quite true that, in general, American workers would have a better life if industries could be removed from congested cities. It is also true that our defense plants are dangerously concentrated along the Atlantic Coast and the Canadian border. But our present problem is an emergency one. We have to use our resources with the utmost possible speed. If the factories and the skilled workers are now in the big cities, as most of them are, we must not waste time trying to move them somewhere else. Some new plants will need to be built, and it may be well to put them in small towns in the geographical center of the country, provided the labor problem can be solved. But any wholesale effort at decentralization now would be a disastrous check to our defense effort—besides being a 24-carat golden opportunity to small-town politicians.

Restricted Voting

Two important and complementary surveys have recently been released. The Council of State Governments investigated state suffrage laws, and their results show a poor substitute for the "universal suffrage" guaranteed by the Constitution. Citizens may be disqualified from voting for more than fifty reasons, and every state except Michigan has at least one provision for disqualification. Alabama has twenty-five and South Carolina twenty-eight. On the credit side, Illinois and Pennsylvania have only one each, and Vermont two. The average is about six. Convicted felons are barred in forty states. Lesser crimes that are punished by disfranchisement range from betting on an election to wife beating. Treason, electoral bribery, bigamy, perjury, adultery, malfeasance in office, receiving stolen goods and miscegenation are all reasons for losing the right to vote in at least one state. Five states bar Indians, and Rhode Island specifically bars Narragansett Indians. Insane persons, idiots, illiterates, incompetents, soldiers, sailors and "immoral persons" are generally disfranchised. Disqualification of paupers, the infamous poll taxes in eight states, and some amazing registration and residence requirements make the list almost complete. Add to this the terrorism which prevents Negroes and unpopular minorities from voting, and the wonder is that anyone is left to go to the polls.

. . . And Restricted Candidates

Limitations on who may vote, foolish as many of them are, may be justified in terms of keeping the franchise from idiots and murderers: there is no justification for keeping a qualified voter from voting for whom he pleases. The American Civil Liberties Union has made a survey of the vast difficulties, increasing at present, that face minority parties when they try to get on the ballot. In general they can do so in two ways: by polling enough votes in the last previous election or by filing petitions. They can theoretically acquire listing by a large enough write-in vote, but that has never yet been accomplished. "Polling enough votes in the last election" may mean as many as 20 percent of all the votes cast, as in Oregon, or 50,000

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votes, as in New York. Nominating petitions in various states require up to 10 percent of the total vote, and up to 25,000 names. Difficult as this is, such requirements as individual notarization of names, petitioners registered in no other party, excessively early filing of petitions and a minimum number of names from each county in the state, make it even harder.

Other tricks in the barrel include setting high filing fees for candidates; excluding parties which "advocate the overthrow of the government by force"; discouraging petitions by publishing the names for blacklisting; prosecuting collectors for "fraudulent solicitation"; and just plain violence. The theoretical purpose of all this is to keep "nut" parties and "nut" candidates from wasting the voters' time and money. Its actual effect, and probably its real purpose, is to discourage minority expression and keep the two major parties without serious competition.

Blitzkrieg Against Civil Liberties

The report of the American Civil Liberties Union for the year ending June 1940 confirms the existence of a tragic situation that has been fairly obvious to most careful readers of the newspapers—that until quite recently civil liberties had been definitely on the increase, and that now as a result of the war and general American hysteria they are in a more dangerous state than they have been in many years.

Although this new attack on civil liberties and social progress has had its focal point in Congress, the Union report makes it clear that its manifestations extend throughout the nation. Local laws against aliens, radicals, and minorities have been frequent. Unorganized mob violence has increased, and with it the even more dangerous "citizens' committees" of vigilantes to fight aliens and "fifth columnists." In a few fields of civil liberties the Union report shows some progress. Regarding academic freedom, only two major violations, the Bertrand Russell and the Browder cases, are reported. However, the actions of Brooklyn College, the University of Michigan, and the University of Wisconsin against liberal students and the ASU are evidence that in the future even the colleges are not likely to be spared the general reaction. In the words of the Union's conclusion, "Only the utmost vigilance, vigor and skill will serve to protect the substance of democratic rights in so overpowering an hysteria."

Learning from the Government

No publishing agency in the world issues a larger quantity of valuable documents than the United States government. Economy hounds in Congress, believing this material is merely publicity for federal bureaus, forbade its distribution to the people without specific requests. But how are we to know what to request? The National Economic and Social Planning Association has stepped into the breach with a monthly publication called The Nespa Guide, which reviews the contents of the more important current government reports, and includes also notes on books, reports and scientific papers from private sources. Though the Guide selects its material from the point of view of planning, the subject is broad enough to include much that is of interest in other fields. At the end is an order blank, through which subscribers may obtain any or all of the documents mentioned free or at cost. Members of the NESPA can subscribe to the Guide for $1.50 a year, non-members for $2.

That Was No Lady

There is still nothing like the old mother try. Metropolitan papers have published it off and on as a gag, but in Denver where they get out The Rocky Mountain Herald, the thing is printed as a bona-fide letter in a box on the front page. It begins: "I am a mother and am therefore opposed to the Third Term for President Roosevelt. I have a son and have the natural ambition that some day he will become the President of his country." It winds up by the old lady's figuring that if the President goes another lap, her son's chances are reduced by 33 percent, and she can't stand it. Her anonymous letter is titled "A Mother's Plea." Mr. Editor, who was that mother we seen you with last night?

News Notes of a Week

The Italian-Greek crisis over Albania died down as suddenly as it had flared up, probably as a result of Turkish support for Greece and German pressure on Italy. The Albanians are still surprised to find that they desire a "Greater Albania." . . . Negotiations over Hungarian claims to Rumania struck a snag. . . . Chungking suffered the worst Japanese bombing raid of the year, with incendiary bombs doing the most damage. . . . British papers called Germany's offer to Eire of passage through the "total blockade" of the British Isles "an attempt to suck up to the Irish." . . . Almazán supporters set up a rival electoral college and Mexico waited for the shooting to begin.

Colonel Knox released serially a confidential survey made in Europe for the United States government on German fifth-column methods; the early chapters revealed nothing The New Republic and other periodicals hadn't been printing for months. . . . Hollywood luminaries accused of being Communists or sympathizers by District Attorney Fitts of Los Angeles pointed out that Fitts is seeking reëlection in November. . . . The Coöperative League improved a black week by reporting that business by coöperative wholesales in the East and Middle West is steadily increasing. . . . The CIO United Cemetery Workers picketed a Detroit cemetery dressed in ghostly shrouds. Their theme: "No decent corpse can rest in peace in scab-dug graves."

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Nostalgic Mr. Willkie

MR. WILLKIE'S acceptance speech was a shrewd and skillful job. It proves—if we did not know as much already—that he is no mere setup like the wistful Mr. Landon, who peered at the world through his hexagonal bifocals. This year's candidate will do no peering.

On at least two controversial subjects, Mr. Willkie stated a difficult stand, unpopular in many parts of the country, in clear and simple language. He declared in favor of compulsory military service, which probably ensures the passage of some modification of the Burke-Wadsworth bill in the near future. By saying that the loss of the British fleet and a Hitler victory would be a calamity, he endorsed the principle of maximum aid to the British. Presumably this will weaken the opposition to transferring to the British some of our semi-obsolete destroyers, of which we have far more than we need for any sort of well rounded fleet.

Mr. Willkie showed his political shrewdness in his offer to debate with President Roosevelt in person. Such a debate would be a striking public spectacle, and if the country could afford the luxury, we should be warmly in favor of it. But these are genuinely critical times; the President has meshed himself into the details of the national-defense program—in our opinion, more closely than he should. Three or four such debates would mean that our most important national affairs would have to mark time, perhaps for a month or more; and we cannot afford a month. The President and Mr. Willkie will be engaged in debate even though they do not appear on the same platform and even though the President does not make a single political speech. His views are well known; his policies are on display. Members of his official family like Secretaries Wallace and Ickes will speak his mind during the campaign.

At first glance, it looks as though Mr. Willkie were running as a New Dealer. His foreign policy differs from Mr. Roosevelt's in very few important aspects. He criticized the President for publicly making faces at the dictators, and in doing so he was not quite candid and not quite fair. He knows that most of Mr. Roosevelt's public statements against Hitler were a desperate last-minute attempt to prevent him from performing various successive acts of aggression. The policy may have been wrong and futile; in retrospect it seems so; but it *was* a policy and not, as Mr. Willkie seems to think, merely a bad habit. But this is a minor criticism. Mr. Willkie's back is turned squarely on the isolationists; it is ridiculous of them to pretend, as some of them are doing, that he does not mean it. To be sure, one does not know just what Mr. Willkie means by saying that we shall "outdistance Hitler in any contest he chooses in 1940 or after . . . on our own terms, and in the American way." Is not this making faces at a dictator, something he reproaches Mr. Roosevelt for doing? And does "the American way" mean, as it usually does with him, by private enterprise? It would be amusing to think of Commonwealth and Southern engaged in battle with Adolf Hitler, except that Hitler isn't funny.

In the domestic field, Mr. Willkie sounds even more like a New Dealer than in foreign affairs. He seems to favor the Roosevelt-Wallace farm program; at any rate, he promises to continue it until something better turns up, and it is almost certain that nothing better will. He is opposed to monopoly, in favor of collective bargaining, minimum wages and maximum hours. He wants federal regulation of interstate utilities and control of markets and banking. He endorses unemployment "allowances" and old-age pensions. He is in favor of "rural electrification." Since it would be silly for him at this moment to advocate such electrification by private companies, he must mean that he wants it to be done by the government. If so, this is a sharp change of attitude from the Mr. Willkie of a few years ago who tacitly condoned the actions of Commonwealth and Southern subsidiary companies in fighting by every means the rural-electrification projects of various states and of the TVA.

After all, his generalized New Deal attitudes are not very surprising. The Republican Convention was also pro-New Deal on most points. The party today accepts many things that it fought bitterly eight, twelve and sixteen years ago. The real question about Mr. Willkie is how he proposes to implement his favorable remarks. The various social objectives of which he approves are embodied in legislation now on the statute books. Efforts are being made to weaken or destroy much of that legislation. How does he stand on these matters? Does he approve or disapprove the efforts to break down the National Labor Relations Act, to hamstring the executive agencies through the Walter-Logan bill, to nullify wage-and-hour legislation, and so on? In his later speeches he owes it to the country to say.

Another point about Mr. Willkie is the broad underlying philosophy by which he is guided. That philosophy finds expression in his criticism of the New Deal as a whole, as opposed to particular aspects of it.

It is a business man's philosophy. Mr. Willkie is confident that a simple laissez-faire economy will still work, is good enough and better than anything else. He is opposed on principle to government spending and pledges himself to do only the minimum of it that is required. These are precisely the doctrines of Coolidge and Hoover. Prosperity must be created at the top and it will then trickle down, like the soft icing on a cake. Let business have its head; if it makes fat enough profits, it will be willing to pay good wages. Everyone will be employed and everything will be fine.

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Those who espouse this view never mention the fact that for over a century the United States operated on this basis and had a series of disastrous depressions every few years. They overlook the fact that Herbert Hoover was in office, trying to apply Mr. Willkie's precise philosophy to the conduct of our public affairs, during three years and four months of a depression that steadily got worse. In the end, the Willkie formula had produced 16,000,000 unemployed, a paralysis of trade and the gravest hours through which America had passed since the Civil War. The New Deal, with all its imperfections and faults—and they have been numerous—at least succeeded in bringing up the national income by about thirty billions a year from the low point it had reached under the full, free and unfettered application of the Willkie philosophy.

In short, Mr. Willkie is a nostalgic American. His views go back at least a generation and some of them go back a century. He seems quite unaware of the vast changes that are stalking the world, of the restrictions upon private capitalism even in those comparatively few countries where it still survives at all. He overlooks the fact that under the whip of necessity a rough approximation of the New Deal philosophy has been put into effect in every one of the non-totalitarian states. He wants to turn the clock back and try to relive the past. If he found that the result was a disastrous failure, we do not doubt that he would be as genuinely surprised as he would be deeply sorry. The question is whether the people of the United States in these critical times can afford such a drastic and unparalleled experiment, such a bold adventure as Mr. Willkie proposes.

Alliance with Canada

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT loves to startle the American people with a bold action, and he did so in regard to the agreement made with Prime Minister Mackenzie King of Canada for a Permanent Joint Board on Defense. Without any warning, this country finds itself in what amounts to a military alliance with another country that is already at war. There was no advance preparation of public opinion for this step. Luckily for the President, the action is one that is unlikely to meet more than slight opposition. Even some of the strongest isolationists in Congress have announced that if the agreement is what it seems to be, a plan for the military defense of the northern part of this hemisphere, supplementing the projects already under way for defense of Latin America, they have no objection to it.

This is only good sense. It has long been obvious that the United States, in the interest of its own safety, could not possibly tolerate an invasion of Canada by any hostile power. Elementary military strategy requires that Canadian territory should not be used as a base for possible operations against the United States. This is more than ever true when the hostile power is Germany, which may be able to mobilize against us all the resources of the European continent.

President Roosevelt believes that what he has done is mere executive action, amply justified under the Constitution and requiring no ratification by the Senate, as does a formal treaty. It seems to us, however, that it would be well for Congress to intervene in such a vital and far-reaching matter and indicate the approval which undoubtedly exists. At the same time, it would be well for the congressional leaders to find out just what the President has in mind in the way of implementing the new agreement. There are various steps that could be taken which differ widely in their desirability.

The agreement with Canada is of course only part of a war situation which centers around Great Britain. So far as this continent is concerned, the danger of actual invasion is still somewhat distant; even if Britain goes under, we will have a few months to prepare for it, and perhaps a year or more. Plans for joint military and naval action in defense of Canada and the United States can be thoroughly worked out, with haste but without confusion.

But there is an extremely important factor involved in the question of naval assistance to Great Britain herself. The English have a desperate shortage of small naval vessels, destroyers and gunboats. They are using some of their limited fleet to patrol Canadian waters, British colonies in the Caribbean and other parts of North and South America. As our Washington correspondent points out this week, the United States could extend the neutrality patrol to include some of the duties now performed by British vessels in this hemisphere. A British vessel sent back home is just as useful as an American vessel bought and transferred.

When it comes to having the United States actually patrol Canadian waters, however, the situation is different. It might easily lead to our being involved in the war against our will. What would an American ship do if it came across a German raider or a German submarine? Would it signal to the nearest British vessel to come and start a fight? To do so would be an unfriendly act which the German ship might very well consider an excuse for opening hostilities. If she were a submarine, the danger that she would attack without distinguishing among British, Canadian and American war vessels would be serious.

This whole question is of course connected with the matter of the proposed American Army, Navy and air bases on British possessions in this hemisphere. We need such bases for the protection of our Northeastern cities and the Panama Canal. But if the British give them to us, they will expect something in return. Perhaps the release for home service of their Canadian

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and Caribbean fleets is the price they are asking. Mr. Churchill's speech on August 20 sounded as though the release of the old American destroyers might be another part of the price.

Everyone knows that President Roosevelt has been seeking most urgently to obtain congressional approval for the transfer of fifty or more semi-obsolete American destroyers to Great Britain. This move has been opposed by some forces in Congress and action has lagged in spite of the desperate need for haste if they are to arrive in time to do the English any good. If the President's new plans are a substitute for the earlier scheme, the isolationists have made a bad blunder. From their point of view it would be very much better to sell the destroyers to Great Britain and let them be operated with British crews than to have units of the United States Navy, with our men and our flag, acting in support of the Canadian and British navies. It is certainly possible that President Roosevelt has thought of this, and that the plan for us to patrol Canada, if it exists, is a bargaining point, to be withdrawn if Congress will promptly authorize the transfer of the overage destroyers.

That transfer should be made at once and in any case. We have far more of these vessels than we can possibly need, since the number of them in any navy is strictly determined by the number of big battleships. England is fighting in our defense as well as her own; if she falls we shall be left without allies, face to face with a totalitarian world. If we turn over the destroyers, either for cash or in exchange for naval bases, we shall be defending ourselves in the most effective possible way. We hope Congress will act in this question with the utmost speed. It should then explore carefully the implications of the Canadian plan and make sure that the American people realize, and approve, the full significance of this desperately important step.

The Vanishing Un-American

IN NOVEMBER, 1938, the Dies Committee completed the major part of its survey of fascism in the United States. After listlessly poking at the dungheap, Chairman Dies announced:

> Through the spotlight of publicity thrown upon them, 75 percent of these organizations will go out of existence automatically. They move in darkness and they do their work underground, and when you bring them to the surface they will go out of existence without the necessity for any drastic legislation.

Mr. Dies proved a trifle over-optimistic. The vanishing un-American has failed to vanish. Most of the men and organizations exposed by the Dies investigators are still going full blast. Others, like Christians and Deatherage, have publicly announced their retirement from the fascist scene, slipped away for a change of costume and reappeared with the same old Nazi song and dance.

General George Van Horn Mosely, star performer before the Committee, has had his guns spiked by a memo from the Secretary of War stating that "the present attitude of the War Department is to discourage speeches, broadcasts, and articles on the military situation by members of the Army, active or retired." Mosely reluctantly obeyed the official dictum, saying, "I have not given up the fight, and I never will."

Pietro Carbonelli, Domenico Trombetta, Count Fachetti Guiglia and other propagandists exposed by the Committee as agents of the Italian government are still hard at work. So are Carl Neumeister, Fritz Wiedemann and a crew of Nazi agents.

Under the führership of Wilhelm Kunze, who took over when Fritz Kuhn was jailed, the German-American Bund is still going strong. The Bund has painted its swastika red, white and blue and is casting coy glances at semi-fascist home-grown organizations like the Ku Klux Klan.

Since Dies predicted their disappearance, dozens of tin-horn Hitlers have popped into the open. Chief among them are Joe McWilliams, leader of the Christian Mobilizers, Jack Cassidy and Father Brophy of the Christian Front, and John Gaede (alias Henry Curtiss), editor of the Curtiss Bulletin.

The Dies Committee uncovered fewer than fifty fascist organizations in the United States. L. M. Birkhead, director of the Friends of Democracy, has published a list of over five hundred. While Martin Dies, with a new Congressional appropriation tucked under his belt, peers into subversive activities in Texas, half a thousand fascist organizations, already exposed, continue on their way. The situation appears to have the Committee well in hand.

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Is Our Defense Lagging?

AT A CONGRESSIONAL HEARING a few days ago, Mr. William S. Knudsen, towering, gray-mustached Danish immigrant with eighteenth-century manners, estimated that the present armament program would not be completed until "the middle of 1944." Secretary of War Stimson, at the same hearing, revealed that in the period since the last four-billion-dollar appropriation—about five weeks—the army had been able to close contracts for only thirty-three planes. These two statements, especially Mr. Knudsen's, shocked Congress. In these times when decades of change are being crowded into months, 1944 seems as far away as 2044.

Mr. Knudsen and Mr. Stimson were testifying at a hearing on the new amortization-and-tax bill. At present, they both said, the chief hindrance to the armament program was the fear of business men that they couldn't make appropriate profits—a fear that the amortization-and-tax bill is supposed to allay. Certain listeners were involuntarily reminded of England in the months after Munich, when Mr. Chamberlain and his Supply Minister, Mr. Leslie Burgin, permitted greedy, long-winded bargaining on the part of munitions makers to half-wreck British war preparations.

Besides a possible lack of firmness in dealing with business men, Mr. Knudsen and his colleagues of the National Defense Advisory Commission are accused of planlessness. It is argued that the NDAC's first task should have been to set up a liaison committee with the State, War and Navy departments. The problem of defending the United States is simultaneously diplomatic, military and industrial; there ought to be a means of continuously surveying it as a whole. In his testimony before Congress, for example, General Marshall says that he wants to raise a force of 1,300,000 men, with a larger number, perhaps 2,000,000, later on. Mr. Knudsen simply says he is endeavoring to provide equipment for an army of 2,000,000, in apparent disregard for General Marshall's primary figure.

Perhaps the principal criticism of Mr. Knudsen himself is that he has a weakness for becoming entangled in specific manufacturing problems. Since he has been in Washington, he has invited some of his old Detroit associates to work out a method for welding the armor plate used for tanks. A process has been evolved, and Mr. Knudsen keeps a chunk of welded metal near at hand as triumphant proof. It is argued that he should not squander his energy on details of this sort.

Here, at the outset, it should be said that it is not easy to tell how far these and other criticisms of the NDAC are justified. The NDAC's activities so far have been veiled in considerable secrecy. Dollar-a-year business men constitute the great majority of the NDAC's staff; possibly this secrecy is no more than the usual close-mouthed attitude taken by businessmen temporarily in government service. In any case, the NDAC's official announcements are few and not enlightening.

From the scanty facts that have leaked out, however, the first impression an observer receives is that the defense program is securely in the hands of a small, self-constituted, purposeful group. Whether this group can be called a substitute for a genuine planning committee is another matter. It is composed of: for the NDAC, Mr. Knudsen and the dashing, prematurely white ex-boss of Big Steel, Mr. Stettinius; for the army, General Marshall, known to his brother generals as a "military genius"; for the navy, Admiral Stark, hard-headed, competent chief of operations. To them have now been joined Messrs. Stimson, Patterson, Knox and Forrestal, recently inducted civilian heads of the War and Navy departments.

A second impression is that this group's program goes far beyond anything ever officially admitted. By every sign, the NDAC is not trying to equip a limited military and naval force to defend limited objectives —for example, the Caribbean, the Pacific approaches of the Canal and Alaska, or South America north of the "bulge," or even the whole hemisphere. Unmistakably it is attempting to prepare this country for war on the scale of 1917, to bring about the mobilization of our full industrial and military resources. Because of this, many seeming contradictions in the NDAC's activities become unimportant. For instance, it does not matter if Mr. Knudsen talks of an army of 2,000,000 men and General Marshall of one of 1,300,000, if both men look forward to the assembling of the country's total manpower.

The NDAC's policy, moreover, can only be intelligently judged when it is considered in the light of the strategic concepts of the War and Navy departments. Here, again, we encounter deep secrecy. But from many bits of evidence, it may be said that the prevailing group of military experts make three principal assumptions:

First: For the present, the navy can defend the continental United States and the Caribbean, and perhaps the whole hemisphere, from direct German attack. Probably this will continue to be true as long as England holds out, and for a number of months thereafter.

Second: In any case, the use of the regular army, as an army, is to be avoided if humanly possible. The

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regular army must train and officer the great mass armies of the future. In 1914, the British sent their professional soldiers, the Old Contemptibles, to France. They were fearfully cut up, and the creation of a mass British army was thereby unnecessarily delayed for two years.

Third: The "defense" theories represented in France by the Maginot Line, in England by the writings of Captain Liddell Hart, have been proved not only wrong, but suicidally dangerous. The War Department's strategy does not necessarily call for a new AEF to Europe; before an AEF can be created, England may have fallen and the last beachhead in Europe disappeared. But the War Department is strongly opposed to a policy under which it would attempt to defend the United States by passively holding a line of fortified outposts—Cuba, Puerto Rico and so on; it proposes to search out and attack the enemy wherever practicable, and with the country's full force.

These strategic concepts, it will be found, determine the NDAC's program. The NDAC is making no discernible effort to strengthen the country against a German attack before next spring. As far as can be discovered, it is doing nothing to speed up the Springfield arsenal's output of Garand rifles, or the Rock Island arsenal's output of tanks. It is unconcerned with the regular army, or the much-talked-of Initial Protective Force. Quite the contrary; it is methodically engaged in organizing the country's industries to equip great citizens' armies one, two, three and even four years hence.

By the standards of such a program, is the NDAC moving with reasonable speed? Again, the NDAC's secrecy makes an answer difficult. However, suppose we consider the case of the army's new airplane schedules, calling for some 4,000 machines. As Secretary Stimson complained, contracts for only thirty-three had been closed on August 9; contracts for the remainder were awaiting the enactment of the amortization-and-tax bill. But, according to confidential information within the NDAC, one company, North American Aviation, is continuing to manufacture at top capacity, storing planes as they are produced. Not a split second is being lost; as soon as the amortization problem is settled, the planes will be transferred to the army. North American specializes in trainer planes, the type that the army will have most need of in the next few months. North American's attitude, it is admitted, may be influenced by the fact that the General Motors Corporation, of which Mr. Knudsen is president, is its largest minority stockholder.

A group of six major airplane companies—whose spokesman is Mr. Donald Douglas, manufacturer of the famous light bomber—have agreed to accept a temporary agreement, providing for costs plus a fixed fee of seven percent. When the amortization bill is passed, they will exchange these agreements for permanent contracts. As far as can be learned, only in the case of a single important company, manufacturer of long-range, heavy bombers, is production being materially delayed.

The crucial first step in the NDAC's program is, of course, retooling existing factories. When the NDAC was established some eight weeks ago, it found the machine-tool industry overloaded with orders from private customers in this country and abroad; in many cases concerns were reluctant to accept government orders for another twelve to eighteen months. After conferences in Washington, first with Secretary Morgenthau, later with Mr. Knudsen, the leading tool makers, with a self-consciously magnificent gesture, placed their whole production at Mr. Knudsen's service. Within the NDAC it is asserted that they will take whatever orders Mr. Knudsen assigns them, and complete them within the time limits he sets.

In short, according to the NDAC's own account, its program is starting out with as much dispatch as could be expected. In 1917, it took us many months to raise an army, and even then we had to depend largely on England and France for weapons. Hitler, with all his dictatorial powers, needed three years—from 1936 to 1939—to build the present German force. In a press conference a few days ago, Mr. Knudsen said suavely: "A period of basic preparation is necessary to sound achievement." But it must be repeated that the largest part of the NDAC's activities are unrevealed; there is no possible way to tell whether the NDAC's self-satisfaction is justified or not.

The NDAC has its headquarters in the charming little black-and-white marble Federal Reserve Building, Paul Cret's loveliest work. It has three main divisions: production, headed by Mr. Knudsen; raw materials, headed by Mr. Stettinius, and the purchasing division of Mr. Donald M. Nelson. The latter, vice-president of Sears, Roebuck, and celebrated as a "hard" buyer, does not rank as an NDAC commissioner, but has enormous powers. Surrounding these three are perhaps seventy-five dollar-a-year men, some of whom roost miserably, without benefit of air-conditioning, in the crumbling Munitions Building, a "temporary" structure of the 1917-18 war.

Besides Messrs. Knudsen and Stettinius, the NDAC has five other commissioners: Mr. Chester Davis for farm products; Mr. Ralph Budd for transportation; Mr. Sidney Hillman for labor; Mr. Leon Henderson as a watchdog of prices; Miss Harriet Elliott to protect consumers. Mr. Hillman has formulated labor policies, and with Mr. Owen D. Young has established youth-training programs. Mr. Henderson has become trouble-shooter for Mr. Knudsen, and has had charge of the difficult amortization-and-tax question. The remaining commissioners have been relatively inactive.

At last report, Messrs. Knudsen and Stettinius, working with Mr. Nelson, had examined and "cleared"

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army and navy contracts totaling about two billions, one-half the money so far appropriated and about one-fifth of the whole program. Most of these contracts are now in process of being advertised for competitive bidding, according to the government's traditional, tape-entwined procedure. Work under them will probably not be started for another sixty days.

Contracts for airplanes, armor plate, warships and a number of other items form a special group. They are not being submitted to competitive bidding, but—once the amortization-and-tax bill is enacted—will be assigned directly to manufacturers at a negotiated price. In the future, it is expected that an increasing volume of contracts will be negotiated. It is here that Mr. Nelson assumes his great importance. He will have apparently unlimited authority; whether or not the government is cheated by would-be profiteers will depend largely on his skill and zeal.

In 1917-18, President Wilson's War Industries Board under Mr. Baruch had the potential power to impose priorities—that is, to order a manufacturer to make whatever the government wanted. According to the NDAC officials, the question of priorities in the current program has arisen just once, in the case of the machine-tool companies. As already noted, the machine-tool makers voluntarily agreed to accept Mr. Knudsen's commands. The NDAC says that it hopes the method of friendly persuasion will continue to prove effective. However, it is known that Mr. Nelson, assisted by Mr. Henderson, has been engaged in a study of means to impose priorities by compulsion.

The toughest problems in production appear to be heavy artillery, war vessels, precision instruments and tanks. Guns capable of firing accurately for distances up to twenty miles are necessarily delicate, hand-work jobs. The successive "skins" sweated over a gun tube have to be heated and cooled with infinite care. You will recall that, after the miraculous evacuation of Dunkerque, Mr. Churchill regretted most bitterly the loss of irreplaceable British artillery. Experts doubt whether our future mass armies can be equipped with heavy guns before another two years.

Warships, especially the proposed 45,000-ton battleships, require an immense amount of skilled workmanship. Two smaller battleships that were recently launched have been almost four years in construction, and it will be nearly another year before they are ready to join the fleet. The NDAC hopes to reduce this construction time to perhaps three years. Thanks to the energy of Mr. Thurman Arnold's anti-monopoly hunters, one of the leading precision-instrument makers was found to have an agreement to restrict production with a German company; a consent decree has since been entered against it. Mr. Knudsen says he has solved the light-tank problem. The production of heavy tanks will be slow. Until the Battle of France, the army's ordnance experts regarded heavy tanks as impracticable, and had made no plans to produce them.

Mr. Knudsen has set a goal for aviation of 25,000 planes by the spring of 1942; a layman cannot say whether or not this number is sufficient. Some observers have suspected that the goal was chiefly fixed by the aviation companies, and represents the volume they can make with a comfortable expansion of facilities. It seems clear that Mr. Henry Ford's reckless boast that he could build a thousand planes a day filled aviation manufacturers with terror lest they permanently lose their business to the automobile giants. Recently Mr. Knudsen publicly pledged that all airplane contracts would be reserved for established aviation companies—although General Motors and Packard will make liquid-cooled engines. It should be added that army and navy officers vigorously deny that the 25,000-plane goal was set to satisfy the aviation concerns. It was set, they insist, to fit the army's and navy's pilot-training programs. Personnel for more than 25,000 planes cannot be trained before 1942.

With the possible exception of the NRA, the NDAC represents the greatest concentration of big-business influence ever seen in Washington. The NDAC's corps of dollar-a-year men resembles nothing so much as the annual convention of the National Manufacturers' Association. Mr. Baruch's War Industries Board of 1917-18 was by no means so completely given over to big business. The administration, according to report, looks on Mr. Knudsen to save and protect its program. He started life working with his hands; he has never had anything to do with finance and Wall Street; he has an immigrant's deep understanding of the meaning of America. The administration has given him wide authority, and is understood to count on him to keep his big-business associates under discipline. Perhaps he can make American industrialists produce, and compel them to keep their fists out of the Treasury. The NDAC's program is just starting; no fair judgment on Mr. Knudsen's success or failure can be made for many months, when it may be too late.

The fundamental weakness of the NDAC, in the minds of many observers, is its complete informality and independence. From the meager available information, its program has begun more briskly than Mr. Chamberlain's and Mr. Burgin's after Munich. But, except as Mr. Roosevelt personally digs into the NDAC's enormously complicated problems, there will be no way by which the government and the country can tell how the program is progressing. Last May, in its hour of peril, England belatedly removed its armament program from the control of the big business men who had monopolized it and placed it under the supervision of two Labor Party members, two tested representatives of the voters, Messrs. Morrison and Greenwood. We need not wait until we are in similar danger to follow that example.

Washington JONATHAN MITCHELL

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Educators in This Crisis

IN THE PRESENT CRISIS the American people should act upon the assumption that the worst is going to happen. Hitler and the regime which he has founded may pass away as quickly as they came into being. But to act on such an assumption would be folly. It is one of the tragedies of these years that the leaders of the democracies have resolutely and consistently closed their eyes to unpleasant truths. They have assumed that certain things would not happen merely because they did not want them to happen.

This spirit of irrational optimism must be exorcised. We must face the fact that, at least for a period, the great hopes which so recently animated all of us are gone. Gone is the hope that the Russian Revolution would point the way to the economic emancipation of the common man; the hope that the people of Europe would reconcile their differences and devote their energies and talents to cultural advance; the hope that the League of Nations would bring a just and lasting peace to mankind. To all who derive their values from the great liberal, humanistic and democratic heritage of Western culture, the future is dark and forbidding. The American people must prepare to defend this heritage in a world dominated by totalitarian philosophy and organized by the physical might of a few great military states. In such a world a nation must be strong or perish.

In meeting this challenge American education will inevitably play an important role. It is essential, therefore, that the educational forces of the country see the problem in its entirety.

The recent experience of Europe shows that the defense of democracy is far more than a military problem. Powerful military defense is certainly necessary, but economic defense is just as essential. As long as millions remain unemployed and the productive energies of our economy are not utilized, we shall be in no position to meet the challenge of total war. Even more fundamentally, the problem of defense is moral and psychological—a problem of values and loyalties and conditions of life. It is imperative that the vast program already under way be directed to the defense of democracy at home as well as abroad. It is also imperative that the issues at stake be clearly grasped by the ordinary citizen and that the crisis be not exploited by any privileged group or interest. The methods, purposes and spirit of democracy must permeate the entire effort, and social and economic reform must be carried through with increased determination, efficiency and devotion to the general welfare. The emergency calls for national unity, but it must be a unity derived from understanding, community of interest, loyalty to great ideas and a conviction that justice is being done.

Every phase of this effort to defend American democracy has its educational side. The following ten-point program is presented for the purpose of starting discussion.

1. The educational forces of the country should achieve unity. At any rate, they should prepare to make the voice of the teaching profession heard on all of the more fundamental questions involved in the defense program. In the past, education as a whole has had no voice; it has been a Babel of discordant tongues. The time has come to create a central body composed of members genuinely representing the professional workers in all of the great departments and divisions of our educational enterprise—public and private, elementary, secondary and higher, east, west, north and south. Only such a body can express the outlook and coördinate the energies of American education.

2. The educational services of the country should be fully maintained. More than that. The present inequalities should be removed and deficiencies corrected. If educational opportunity is one of the great opportunities, as it indubitably is, any genuine program for the defense of democracy should include provisions for equalizing such opportunity—for removing the disabilities under which the children of certain classes, races, occupations and regions suffer today.

3. Any system of universal service inaugurated by the government should be regarded as more than a purely military undertaking. The soldiers of a democracy cannot be trained according to the pattern followed by the totalitarian states. As free men they must know what they are being prepared to defend. This means that the program of training should embrace a serious study of both democracy and dictatorship. The teachers of the nation should share in the planning and the administration of this program.

4. A far more comprehensive program of vocational training than we have ever had should be launched. This is required not only in the interest of military defense but also in the interest of a sound and efficient economy in this age of advanced technology. The training here proposed should be provided very largely by and under the auspices of the existing educational authorities, partly for reasons of economy but chiefly for reasons of state. The skilled workers of the country, no less than the soldiers, should be prepared to understand the present crisis of democracy.

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5. Through the educational facilities of the nation a program of adult education, surpassing anything the world has ever seen, should be launched immediately. This program should be designed to awaken the American people to the threat of catastrophe and to prepare them to deal with it. Every school building should become a center of study, debate, discussion and enlightenment with respect to the issues at stake and the policies to be adopted. Provision should be made to search into the nature of democracy, the causes of the failures of the past generation, the factors involved in the collapse of freedom in Europe—particularly in France—and the dangers that beset democracy both at home and abroad.

6. The elementary and secondary school, coöperating with the surrounding community, should systematically teach democracy to the younger generation. The life of the school should be organized in harmony with the central values of democracy: the conception of the dignity and worth of the individual; the principle of human equality and brotherhood; the processes of free inquiry, discussion, criticism and group decision; the canons of personal integrity, honesty and fairness; the idea of the obligation and the right to labor; the sense of devotion to the common good. The program of instruction should include a study of man's long struggle for freedom and dignity, of the whole course of American democracy, of the tensions and strains and conflicts in contemporary society, and of the competing philosophies and programs current today. The administration of the school should be redirected for the purpose of increasing the powers and enlarging the responsibilities of the teacher. And the entire program should be tied into the life and fortunes of the community. Also all present practices, methods and materials of instruction should be carefully scrutinized and appraised from the standpoint of the values of democracy.

7. Colleges and universities should devote themselves far more than at present to the study of democracy—its nature, its history, its problems. They should inquire into the foundations of human liberty and seek the conditions under which free institutions can live and prosper. Also, they should guard with vigilant care the most precious of all their traditions —the hard-won tradition of freedom of teaching and learning.

8. Teachers should organize thoroughly, so that they may play a more active role both in framing educational policy and in shaping the life of community, state and nation. They should be prepared to oppose every attempt on the part of powerful minorities to regiment their thought and teaching or to cast doubts on their fundamental loyalty to American democracy. In this struggle they would do well to work in close coöperation with all great popular groups, organizations and movements, and particularly with the organized working people of the country.

9. The American public should devote great care to the selection of members of all boards controlling education. If the schools are to serve democracy, they must be kept close to the people. This means that men and women should be chosen for these vital posts who have been reared in and are loyal to the values of the great democratic tradition, and who can be counted upon to resist domestic as well as foreign brands of totalitarianism. Perhaps the surest way of getting such men and women is to seek for them in the ranks of the organized labor movement of the country.

10. Finally, the schools and colleges are under special obligation to guard the humane and intellectual heritage of the race. They should set an example in combating all forms of hysteria, in opposing bigotry and persecution, in defending the civil liberties, in championing the rights of minorities and the underprivileged, in maintaining a spirit of tolerance and charity. They should be ever sensitive to the wider and more permanent interests of society. They should strive to keep alive in these dark days of bitter strife the ancient hope of world peace and human brotherhood.

GEORGE S. COUNTS

"Get that damned dove out of here!"

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When the Republicans Win

III: *Pipe-Line Government in Michigan*

MICHIGAN IS ONE of the many states in which a spreading industrialization has revitalized the Democratic Party. The contrast between the two parties is as great as is the contrast between rural and urban societies. The present state administration, under Governor Luren Dickinson, is a product of ambitious bossism grafted onto a basic pattern of small-town Republicanism; while the last administration, under Governor Frank Murphy, was governed by a philosophy and practice recognizing contemporary urban problems. Between the political and social philosophies of the two there lies a half-century of American life.

The Murphy administration brought Michigan its first real experience with the local application of the philosophy of the New Deal. Frank Murphy exhibited a new attitude toward the problems of capital and labor, a refreshing interest in problems of mental health and public hygiene, a vital concern for programs of social welfare, and a constant attempt to improve the processes of public administration. While it is generally known that the Murphy administration was Michigan's "Little New Deal" it is less widely understood that it was an outstanding effort in Michigan history to improve the administrative structure and performance of state government. As the result of Murphy's efforts, Michigan secured its first civil-service law, its first satisfactory welfare organization, its only centralized control of the hospital program, its first effective system of budgetary control and its only efficient and non-political purchasing system. To Murphy these were important aspects of democratic reform, necessary if democratic organization is to meet the needs of the new society.

In 1938 Murphy was defeated by former Republican Governor Frank Fitzgerald in a campaign in which sit-down strikes, charges of communism and unbalanced budgets were the crucial issues. Fitzgerald's running-mate was octogenarian Luren Dickinson. Trouble came early to the new Republican administration. Almost immediately after the election, the gambling interests, which had been completely eliminated by Murphy, gave public evidence that they were returning to Michigan to collect on their investment in the Fitzgerald campaign. Several days before Christmas, the public was treated to a small but concrete illustration of the things which were to come. A large truck overturned on the highway and spilled its contents of slot machines into the path of oncoming traffic and onto the front pages of the newspapers.

With the arrival of the new administration, all of the gambling which had been predicted became a reality. Almost at once a number of newspapers, citizens' groups and professional and religious organizations started a vigorous campaign to get action from the Governor's office. Fitzgerald alternately denied knowledge of the existence of gambling, and asserted it to be a local problem to be dealt with by local law-enforcement officials. The situation became steadily worse and the public became more indignant. Fuel was added to the flames when several of the larger operators let it be generally known that they had an "understanding" with official Lansing.

After several months popular disapproval became so pronounced that even Fitzgerald took reluctant notice of it. He instructed the state police to step in where local enforcement officials were clearly derelict in their duties. Several raids on the worst offenders soon drove gaming under cover in most areas. Since then it has broken out fairly regularly and at the present time is flourishing. Despite the fact that Fitzgerald died early in 1939 and was succeeded by pious Luren Dickinson, the customer may still today have his choice of dice, roulette, chuck-a-luck or blackjack. The "gambling dens" which Dickinson denounced in his inaugural message as "seething, boiling, sin-cursed cesspools of crime" are thriving in an area controlled by his own state police, and slot machines crowd the beer gardens which his own Liquor Control Commission licenses.

When Dickinson succeeded to the Governor's chair the state speculated at some length about the real character of the new occupant of the front office. Everyone knew or quickly discovered that Dickinson was eighty years old, a violent prohibitionist, a Sunday-school teacher claiming a "pipe-line to God." It was not long before the state also learned that its chief executive considered the length of women's skirts and of Boy Scouts' shorts, the use of lipstick and rouge, smoking and dancing among the world's more pressing problems.

The Governor had no notion of the complexity of modern economic and social life. His world is the Midwestern America of the period just preceding the close of the last century; social problems arise from the inadequacies of the individual, and are to be solved by the assiduous practice of the homely virtues of thrift, simplicity, hard work and an abundance of faith. He appears to have no realization of the fact that most of our pressing problems are indigenous to our form of community organization.

Because he fails to see social problems in their social

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setting, he thinks of welfare recipients as shiftless persons whose time is too often spent in beer gardens. Similarly, it is because he has no appreciation of the need for the service state that he is unimpressed with problems of administration. Sound administrative organization, scientific personnel practices, and non-political purchasing are all matters of little concern to a person whose only stock in trade is his belief in "the good old-fashioned virtues." Even a "pipe-line" that works is a poor substitute for sound organization.

The public knows Dickinson more for his asserted "pipe-line to God," his denunciation of "high life," and his preoccupation with a variety of other matters which he chooses to consider of moral importance, than it does for his failures as a chief executive. While Michigan has had her quota of dominating political figures, it is only recently that she has experienced large-scale bossism. The present administration and the Republican Party as a whole are rigidly controlled by a combination of Frank McKay of Grand Rapids and Edward Barnard of Detroit. Of the two, McKay, backed by a strong rural element, is much the more powerful. State Treasurer from 1925 to 1930, McKay has held no state or party office for ten years. That decade, however, saw a rapidly growing legend surround the man, until now his influence has become an issue in every primary and election campaign. Yet, in spite of the bitterness with which he has been attacked, no one has ever proved him guilty of the smallest violation of the law.

Though the McKay forces have been able to maintain the appearance of operating within the law, a number of specific incidents during the last eighteen months have illustrated the very real control which those forces exercise over the Fitzgerald-Dickinson administration. Thus, Fitzgerald's executive secretary during his first administration became the editor of the McKay newspaper while Fitzgerald was out of office, only to return to Lansing with him in 1938. Again, it was discovered in early 1939 that McKay had received a $92,000 commission from the concern which had been awarded the rights to the issuance of the bonds for the International Blue Water Bridge at Port Huron. A whitewashing investigation could find nothing illegal. Civil-service appointees among the state's buyers were replaced by McKay people. The openness of McKay's operations in state party conventions and councils, climaxed within the last few months by his selection as National Committeeman, shows that he must be recognized as the actual Republican leader in Michigan.

It appears that Frank McKay profits personally from his control of the Republican Party. The area of his most apparent operation is state purchasing. As early as 1926 McKay developed a close association with this phase of government as a member of the important Purchasing Committee of the State Administrative Board. One of the two men who served with him on the purchasing committee was the man whom Dickinson appointed as budget director shortly after taking office. It was this appointment which prompted the Governor to make his now famous "pipe-line to God" statement. In view of the circumstances, it is understandable that many accepted the "pipe-line" theory—though they doubted that the "pipe-line" extended further than the city of Grand Rapids.

Even if the appointment of Grover Dillman as budget director had no relation whatever to McKay's interest in state purchasing, it certainly was not chance that political henchmen of McKay's were appointed as state buyers in place of those who had been appointed through civil-service examinations. Shortly after the new appointments, the purchasing division decided to abandon the practice of open bidding. The list of concerns invited to bid was reduced to a fraction of its size under the Murphy administration. Several substantial business firms publicly protested the adoption of the new policy, which excluded them from bidding for their state's business. The Auditor General called in a committee of top-flight industrial buyers which recommended that purchasers be selected by civil-service procedures, a suggestion which has not yet been adopted.

The stories told by those who sell to the state indicate that McKay is a shrewd operator. For all of the fact that he sells insurance, liquor, gasoline, automobile equipment and a number of other products, there is little evidence to show that he deals directly with the state. He apparently prefers to have his people in the purchasing division indicate to those who would sell to the state that their bids will receive "every consideration" if they use the "right" brand of tires, gasoline, etc. In this case "every consideration" means preference and "right" means McKay. Operations conducted in this way produce the same results with a minimum of direct contact between McKay and the state.

Another convenient method of accomplishing the same end, with no more danger of immediate connection, is that employed by the "curbstone" bidder who works for, or at least with the aid of, the boss. These individuals circulate among prospective sellers and offer to guarantee a substantial order from the state if the concern is willing to pay a specified percentage of the purchase price as a commission. In the absence of open bidding, the state pays somewhat more than it otherwise would for the merchandise and thus partially offsets the commission cost to the seller.

One question still remains unanswered and may hold the clue to possible illegal activities of the state machine. Who gets the large sums which must have been paid by the gambling interests for protection? Most of the protection money has probably gone to local officials but, on the other hand, the actions of the Governor's office and the negligence of the State Police strongly suggest that someone in Lansing has been paid off in substantial fashion. The author knows of no

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evidence which puts a finger on the McKay machine, though in view of its rigid control of the state administration it seems probable that if there has been a pay-off, the machine has had its cut. This and the possibility of income-tax evasion appear to be the only footholds for legal action against the McKay people, and subsequent investigation may show that even these are not substantial enough to support prosecution.

Turning from considerations of graft and boss control to problems of administration, the Dickinson administration is no more satisfactory. In the first place, the present Governor and his Republican legislature must accept complete responsibility for the destruction of the model civil-service system established by the Murphy administration. Today, the 50-percent system operated by a hard-working but financially starved staff is a sorry contrast with the earlier program.

Again, through the efforts of the rural element in the Republican Party under the leadership of Melville McPherson, a carefully prepared welfare-reorganization measure was defeated in the election of 1938. As a result of this defeat and the return to power of the Republican Party, the legislature passed a new welfare law turning control of welfare problems back to the local authorities. This consequent decentralization of responsibility has been an important factor in the recurring welfare crises of the last twenty months. Similarly, the new systems of correction and hospital control set up under non-partisan expert advice by the Murphy administration, have been vitiated.

The present administration's attitude toward social legislation may be summed up by saying that it has been concerned with saving money. The burden of curtailed expenditure fell upon the children, the mentally ill and those who were dependent upon the welfare. Hospitals which had been constructed, and for which there was a pressing need, went unused because the state refused to put beds in them. On the labor front, the Dickinson people have done no better. The inadequacy of the machinery for the settlement of labor disputes was proved in the Chrysler Motor strike in 1939, a labor dispute which lasted longer than any other strike in the history of the automobile industry. As far as the final settlement was concerned, the state officials would have done well had they left the whole matter to the representatives of the federal government. This administration has not been as anti-labor as have Republican administrations in many states. Its inadequacies result more from ignorance of the real nature of the problems than from viciousness.

Frank Fitzgerald invited the state to judge his administration in terms of its financial economies and, had he lived his term out, the results might have warranted the scrutiny which he invited. However, whatever might have been, there is no question about what the facts are today. This administration has appreciably reduced the rate at which the state's debt has been increasing, but it is still in the process of adding to that debt. It was officially estimated that the expenditures for the fiscal year ending July 1, 1940, will exceed the income by about $94,000. For all its unwholesome economies in its social-welfare program, the "pipe-line" administration has not balanced its budget. What is more, it seems apparent that it cannot do so until it is willing to levy new taxes. This it refuses to do. Dickinson's best suggestion for raising money to date is that "smoking mothers" give a portion of their cigarette costs to the state to balance the budget. Again, it is pertinent to point out with regard to the Governor's basic philosophy that it takes more than frugality to balance a budget in a state with new social problems and an old tax structure.

In short, this administration has shown itself to be well controlled by machine politicians who profit personally from its business; through its chief executive it has demonstrated its failure to adjust to the problems of modern social and economic organization; it has expressed a lack of interest in social legislation and a lack of sympathy for good administration. It is not really vicious; it simply represents self-seeking politics operating behind a sincere but pathetic old man. It is not a scene which offers much encouragement to those of us who have hoped that democratic organization could survive the onslaught of complicated modern life.

EDWARD H. LITCHFIELD

This is the third of a series of articles describing conditions in states having Republican administrations.

Morning Song: Georgia

The petals of the wild
rose wither, the bay turns brown,
and now I leave:

now comes "cotton weather": heat
lounges at noon beneath the bough
where now the young fig hides

beneath the leaves: the negresses in red
stop by the way to break off branches
of full leaves to bear like parasols at noon:

by afternoon, they sing at hoeing
in the peanut-field—*o-aye! o-aye!*
hey-hey-day-dee!

There is no soughing in the pines—
each needle still as the drawn trees
in Persian painting:

heat: somewhere the sound of water
drones like bees: the wild plums hang
on unstirred boughs.

RAYMOND E. F. LARSSON

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Trying to Keep Calm

TRY not to turn on the radio for flashes. Try not to go and buy more newspapers. Tonight's papers only repeat the news that was printed this morning, and this morning's papers repeat last night's and so on. As for the radio, it makes even a lost cat sound like the doom of the world. Now that it really has the doom of the world to tell, or very near it, there's a shortage of awesomeness in the studio.

I wouldn't have believed it, nobody could have told me it would ever be so, that the old familiar world would be turned so upside down. Remember the Squalus? Remember how we all clung to the loudspeaker for hours and hours waiting for news of the awful horror of that living coffin under the sea? That was only a few months ago, after all. Today there is a Squalus every week and it hardly even gets on page one. "The Salmon is overdue and it is feared she is lost," says the Admiralty, and you give a glance and go on with your thoughts: "To hell with this weather anyhow. Shall I buy a new set of tires for the old car or turn it in and take delivery next April on the new one?"

Fifteen Italian submarines have been destroyed, say the British, and the Italians don't deny it. *Fifteen* Squalus tragedies, and nobody even wants to know the names of the ships, still less their commanders, least of all the crews dying their individual and anonymous deaths in the green purgatory beneath the waves. The crew? Don't be silly. Do you want the papers to print the names of the 300,000 or 400,000 men dead in Flanders in May and June?

Well, yes, I'd rather like them to. Column after column like the telephone book. Nobody would read them, any more than you read a page of serial numbers on bonds that are in the financial section. But I'd rather like to know that they were there. It would be something to think about, that when you have laid down your life for your country, for any country, you'd get one line in The Times. Put them in on Monday, news is light on Monday. After all, every dead man was as important to himself as is every man not dead. Exactly as important.

Dogs are not important, except to their owners. Germany has given orders that all pet dogs shall be killed, and that news didn't get on page one either. Before the snow comes this autumn they will doubtless do the same all over Europe where the shrouded face of famine begins to come up the horizon. Perhaps even in England, the home of the pet lovers, the place where the war itself has not been able to damp down the indignation of old ladies about dry watering troughs. . . . I'm glad my dog died of honorable age in his sleep on a burlap bed. I'm glad I didn't have to shoot him by Hitler's orders because I needed his food for myself, or somebody did. (They are probably garroted anyhow; no bullets or powder to waste, these are needed to kill the English.) No honorary burial in the backyard, either; you may be sure German efficiency took away the corpses and made them into soap.

What is it like to kill, not dogs from necessity, but people for amusement? They did that in Poland, to Poles and Jews. In the dead of winter the Gestapo came and routed them out of their beds at midnight, and set them tramping along the icy roads to Nowhere, till they fell and died there while the sun came up over the dreary Polish marshes. Not quite for amusement: the Germans thought that if they killed a few tens or hundreds of thousands the rest would be docile. They were right, too. But every individual Gestapo agent who held the power of life and death, who tapped a pretty Polish girl to go back to Germany to the brothels, instead of out on the highway, killed for sport. You could never be sure, you see, that the last thousand killed hadn't been enough, that docility hadn't already been attained. It was a sport, like pigsticking which Marshal Goering is so fond of. Only the Poles at the last weren't very gamey; when the Germans got down to the women and children they didn't try to fight back like a boar, it was more like shooting sitting birds. They used to do that in Germany, too, and tie their feet to the branch if the Lord of the Manor was such a bad shot that it helped.

The captain of the Salmon was Commander Bickford. Lost with his ship.

They talk about how lucky we are in America to be untouched by the terrible things that are going on everywhere else in the world. Untouched indeed! Remember back when we had only the depression on our minds, and thought we were in trouble? Today the sunshine has turned dark and the grass sickly. The birds sing and you think of poison gas because they use canaries to detect it. Nobody can plan his life a year or six months ahead. One hundred and thirty-five million Americans going about their business with a slight, steady feeling of nausea all day long. And the ugly things that crawl out from under the stones in this, our own country, now that the sun is pallid with fear. The petty tyrants and censors and labor-baiters made bold again because they think Now It is Our Turn. The people who have always spied on their neighbors and now suddenly feel that it is legal and patriotic. The people who beat their children to make them say "I love you" and now torture some innocent religious fanatic to kiss the flag in public.

(The early morning broadcast is the worst. At 11 P.M. it is only four o'clock in England and the news is the same that has been going on all day. But at six in the damp cool morning it is already 11 A.M. in London and everything bad may have happened while you slept. You wake with a start, trying to remember why it is that you are so unhappy, and then you paddle

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over to the radio and die several deaths while the tubes heat up. If the voice that suddenly comes from far away into coherence is giving a commercial, you tell yourself it's a good sign. Surely they wouldn't be talking of Thom McAn's shoes or twelve full ounces, that's a lot, if London were in flames, if people were dying two thousand an hour. Yet one early morning you turned on the radio—remember?—and learned that Holland and Belgium had been invaded. And before that Norway. And before that, War itself.)

Try to relax, now. Tune in a phonograph record of "Sugar Blues." Turn it down so as not to disturb the neighbors, don't act like a Nazi. This is free and peaceful America, remember? The place where they are going to solve the riddle of the atom and cure cancer and everyone is going to have security and enough to eat and nobody in uniform at four o'clock in the morning, pounding on the front door. *(The back door? No, there's a man there too.)* Remember? This is America, untouched by war.

BRUCE BLIVEN

The Forty-Ninth Chicken

THE CHICKEN THAT ATE my father's teeth was a doomed bird. My father was a presiding elder. The hen was one of sixty White Leghorns.

My father said, "An odd ssituation," and demanded his teeth. He whistled in thirds.

Mrs. Wooster did not know what to do. She asked my father to describe the bird.

"White," he said, "and mischievous."

Mrs. Wooster inspected the flock and reported that there were sixty white hens and that no single hen could be said to be mischievous.

"I would have caught her," my father complained, "but for your sslippery ssteppingsstones. I have been ssniffling since I sslipped into the branch," he whistled.

He was aggrieved. It was early morning and he was in his nightgown and frock coat and Mr. and Mrs. Wooster were upstairs watching him chase the white hen across the branch, seeing him slip and fall in shin-deep and flounder miserably while the hen lost herself among her sisters.

Mrs. Wooster was also aggrieved. The visit of the presiding elder was an annual event and she had competed with all the ladies of Gravelly First Methodist to obtain the elder as her guest. The Wooster farm was the nicest in the county and nobody could fry chicken as well as she and everyone knows Methodist preachers are just crazy about fried chicken. Aren't they?

"I will never eat chicken again," my father said. And he never did, except boiled or roasted. Fried chicken never.

"The hen was acting in self-defense," my mother said.

"It isn't a dzoking matter," said my father.

My sister Minnie Bell said, "You'll get your teeth. She'll grind up lots of grubs with them in her crop and then one day she'll have her neck wrung for dinner and your teeth will turn up in a dumpling."

"In the meantime," my father said, "lissten!" He whistled in thirds.

"When you lose another tooth you can do an arpeggio," said Minnie Bell.

Picayune misfortune is good for some people. I once saw a bulldog face down an ambitious tenor at a funeral. Every time the man started singing the dog growled and prepared to spring. The tenor would have been throttled if he had not stopped singing.

But my father would not quit preaching. Sermons dealing with timeless verities astounded and delighted congregations with their sibilance. Under the circumstances he could not make hell fire sound very convincing, or heaven very inviting.

That white hen was doomed. My father caught fourteen hens and felt their crops. They all felt the same. Then he drank four cups of hot saltwater in Mrs. Wooster's kitchen and demanded his teeth.

He was a trying guest.

Mrs. Wooster looked at Mr. Wooster and Mr. Wooster said, "Brother Hays, if you will be patient we will send your teeth to you when they turn up."

Mrs. Wooster wanted to know—she did not want to be personal, but where did the hen find the teeth?

My father was eating a hot biscuit with sorghum to settle the saltwater.

"On the washstand," he said. "She came in thdough the window."

"They do that sometimes," Mrs. Wooster admitted.

"They were individual teeth from Sst. Louis," he explained.

"I sscrew them in. Every night I unss—I take them out."

"She must have thought they were grains of corn," said Mr. Wooster.

"Doubtless," said my father.

"We'll send them to you," said Mrs. Wooster, looking at her husband.

They came several weeks later with a letter:

Dear Brother Hays: We send the teeth, we are sorry to take so long as we are sure you need them but it has taken some time to find the right chicken. Mr. Wooster says he has never eaten chicken so much in his whole life but as I tell him we must thank God for small favors. She was the 49th chicken but like always happens when you go to look for a thing it is always near the bottom, I have noticed. Yours in His Service, (Mrs.) Lucille Wooster.

"Poor Mr. Wooster," said my mother.

"The forty-ninth chicken," said my father. "No wonder I couldn't find her."

"That's the spirit which built America," said Minnie Bell.

LEE HAYS

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Washington Notes

American Expeditionary Force

ON FEW OCCASIONS have we sent abroad a military and naval mission equaling in professional prestige the one now in London. The aviation expert, Major General Delos C. Emmons, is chief of our main force of battle planes. A year ago, he headed the flight of "flying fortresses" to South America—the longest, most hazardous, peacetime flight of heavy bombers ever made. The army's man, Brigadier General G. V. Strong, is an old disarmament expert, technical adviser of United States delegations to the disarmament conferences from 1925 onwards. Presumably he has been sent because of his detailed knowledge of German and English military organization. Admiral Robert Lee Ghormley is the navy's spokesman. From 1936 until recently, he was director of the navy's war-plans division, and is thus responsible for our present-day, basic naval strategy. He is now assistant chief of naval operations, or number two-man of the naval high command; on his return from London, he is expected to go to sea as head of Cruiser Division 8.

According to opinion here, it is hardly possible that such men, together with their numerous assistants, would have been dispatched to England merely for observation. It is believed that their mission is to concert joint plans with the British. One conjecture is that they will concern themselves with the defense of the Far East and the Indian Ocean against Japan—the Philippines, Java and Australia. A wild rumor sped through Washington last week that part of our fleet is to be based on Singapore. More probably, however, their attention will be concentrated on two things: aid to England and the defense of this hemisphere by the use of British bases. In setting up bases on British territory, we will not only greatly increase our own military and naval security, but also—in a sense—take over important British sectors.

A certain amount of assistance could be given England, it is pointed out here, merely by intensifying our present neutrality-belt patrol, permitting the British Admiralty to bring home destroyers and submarines attached to its Caribbean and South Atlantic naval stations. This could be arranged at once, without changing a law or consulting Congress. The duty of British warships in this hemisphere is twofold: to protect British, allied and neutral shipping from raiders like the Graf Spee, and to prevent the escape of German merchantmen now interned in Central and South American harbors. We could not undertake to engage raiders, or to capture fleeing merchant vessels, but our patrols could spot them, follow them up and issue public warnings for the benefit of the English. With such help, the British would be justified in reducing their naval strength in hemispherical waters to a bare minimum.

Friends of Mr. William S. Knudsen have an explanation for the air of imperturbability, even leisureliness, that surrounds the National Defense Advisory Commission. This calmness is disturbing to many observers; in the present crisis they feel that the NDAC ought to be fighting to speed up delivery dates by even a few weeks or days. Mr. Knudsen has announced that we will reach a production rate of 25,000 airplanes annually in 1942; they feel that, somehow, there ought to be a way to advance this date. Or that Mr. Knudsen might at least try.

To offer such criticism, Mr. Knudsen's friends say, is to misunderstand the man. Except for a brief period as a shipyard worker, he has spent his life in the automobile industry. He is the first leader of a major country to have a mass-production soul. What happens, they ask, in making automobiles? Early in the autumn, a start is made on next season's model. While designers hunch over their draughting boards, elsewhere complete quiet reigns. Sometime in February or March, buyers commence contracting for raw materials; otherwise the quiet continues. Some weeks later, when designs have been approved, there is a rush to purchase the machines needed for retooling. About the same time, contracts are hurried through with suppliers of parts and accessories. Then, again, apparent somnolence. But with August, machinery suddenly appears, trainloads of parts roll in, and finished automobiles come off the assembly lines a thousand a day.

Unconsciously or not, Mr. Knudsen is following this same pattern. Those who now accuse him of being dilatory, it is said, should have watched him hammering heavy-tank designs out of a startled War Department. Mr. Knudsen was in Washington only a matter of hours before he was engaged in continuous talks with the machine-tool industry. According to report, Mr. Stettinius, in charge of raw materials, discovered by cable a supply of rubber in the Far East, borrowed the necessary money from the RFC and had it loaded aboard ship in less than two days. In 1942, at the appointed time, fully-equipped airplane squadrons will roll off Mr. Knudsen's assembly belt; army divisions will begin coming off next year and continue until 1944. This may be cold comfort for persons who fear a German attack this autumn but, his friends say, this is the way Mr. Knudsen functions.

An affable gentleman named Mr. Vincent Dailey, official of a watch-manufacturing company, offers an irritating and anxious problem to the New Dealers. Mr. Jim Farley, himself a businessman as head of the Coca-Cola exporting company, has made Mr. Dailey his deputy as New York Democratic Chairman. Mr. Dailey was hand-raised by Mr. Farley, and during his pre-businessman years managed to become markedly estranged from the New Deal. Back in 1933, Mr. Dailey was New York head of the HOLC. The Washington HOLC officials grew annoyed at the common report that, in New York, the way to obtain an HOLC loan was to see your Democratic leader. Eventually Mr. Dailey departed.

It is possible that New York this year will decide the election. The New Dealers are confident that Mr. Roosevelt will carry it, but they are understandably anxious to mobilize its full pro-Roosevelt strength. They want to make sure that local candidates add strength to the ticket, that the organizations which get out the vote are capably and loyally led. At every turn, they will encounter Mr. Farley's man, Mr. Dailey. If Mr. Farley, as is expected, immerses himself in soft-drink sales promotion in Latin

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America, Mr. Dailey will be boss of the Democratic Party's state convention, and will be the man the county leaders look to for orders. Mr. Dailey himself is unimportant; what the New Dealers fear is that he may have the same unimportance as the nameless Belgian soldier who was late in blowing up one of the Albert Canal bridges.

Washington T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Defense on the Cuff

THERE ARE, apparently, limits to patriotism. It is all right to seize young men on the thresholds of their lives and put them in the army. But when it comes to taking property—well, fun's fun, but. . . .

The Senate has been discussing the disagreeable business of paying the costs of our great alarm. Nobody is yelling for these armies and ships and weapons more lustily than our property-holding patriots who seem to think Hitler's parachutists are going to drop down on their buildings right through the mortgages any day. They are so convinced of this that they are in a sacrificial mood. They are prepared to sacrifice any number of young men. But when it comes to sacrificing any of their precious dollars—that's another matter. The conscript dollar is an image to terrify the greatest patriot and cool the hottest love of country.

Therefore, any tax bill that undertakes to wring out of them a hundred million or so as a sort of down payment on the ten billion provided this year as a starter is subject to all kinds of objections. The excess-profits tax, the surplus-profits tax, even just an increase in ordinary income taxes —all these will only hamper defense, we are told, instead of aiding it. It is, of course, permissible to apply the income taxes to another 2,000,000 persons in the lowest income brackets.

Of course there is always the plan for borrowing the money. And providentially the New Dealers are coming bravely to the front with the proposal to pay for the war effort that way. In fact, we are given the comforting assurance that this is an excellent idea—it means guns *and* butter. We shall borrow billions to make guns and the billions will go into the pay envelopes of the workers in the gun factories who will buy butter, thus aiding the dairy farmer. He will buy clothes, thus aiding the garment industry; he will buy clothes for his wife, thus aiding the makers of women's dresses. He will buy cars, music, radios, all sorts of things, thus giving us the business recovery for which we yearn.

If one objects to this he is told that the objection is based on "orthodox economics." Now I have heard a lot of fuzzy yapping about this thing called orthodox economics. It comes usually from literateurs and poetasters who study their economics looking out the window at the moon and visiting the slums. To be sure, the whole subject of money and the institution of credit and all that series of devices comprehended under the term "money economy" is subject to various modifications in collective societies or under certain types of dictators. But this is the capitalist system in which we now have our being. By that I mean a system of private enterprise operating on the profit motive in a money economy.

Now you may not like that system. And I certainly hold no brief for it. But here it is. It seems to me you must either decide to get rid of it or to patch it up so as to work better. I do not understand that advocates of supporting the war on national credits are planning the immediate destruction of the capitalist society. They are continually offering plans to make it function better. And under these circumstances they have got to take the inescapable laws which go with that system in which the dynamic power is credit and private investment. Their so-called "new economics"—which is a silly name for what they are talking about—has no application to this capitalist money economy. In a dictatorship in which the ruler has complete possession of all the mechanisms of money, credit, enterprise, and the necessary police sanctions behind him he can do anything he wants with the money system or the credit system. In a democratic society operating on the principle of private property and profit and investment, the consequences of excessive government debt simply cannot be managed, save by stratagems so violent as to be unthinkable in any definite plan of government finance.

The liberal groups who see in the war mania an opportunity to continue the financial policies of the government are playing handsomely into the hands of the groups they like least—the propertied groups who are willing to sacrifice human life but not property or profits to keep Mr. Hitler away.

After adopting defense measures totaling ten billion dollars this year, the people who yap about sacrifices prepare a tax bill that will provide about $190,000,000 of this huge cost.

Of course it is practically impossible to raise ten billion dollars in taxes as matters stand now. The attempt would create a revolt among the taxpayers and Mr. Stimson's clients would be first at the barricades. But certainly as much as possible of this defense bill should be paid for in taxes, no matter who has to fork up the taxes.

The last war was, while it lasted in this country, one of the greatest successes in history as an amusement and concession enterprise. It wasn't so good for some two or three million young men who were taken out of jobs, some of whom got killed, others wounded or gassed and still others checked hopelessly in their careers. But for the hundred million who remained home it was a magnificent thrill, high wages, plenty of fun, grand parades, the most self-satisfying warm turkish baths of hate. It looks as if the plan is to make the present little war equally pleasant—everything on tick, plenty of good business, all social gains untouched, work for everyone, no men to be sent abroad, the usual pious immersion in self-righteousness and—almost no taxes. Here is the perfect war. At least, so the patriots think.

The last war was delightful, but the aftermath was not so good. The aftermath of this little war will be something terrible to behold. And no one will like it less than Mr. Stimson and the members of the Save America by Helping England crowd. And the more the war is paid for on the cuff the worse that aftermath will be. JOHN T. FLYNN

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Savo Solo

Mum's the Word, by Jimmy Savo. New England Playhouse. Ridgefield, Connecticut. August 2, 1940.

THE PROJECT of a one-man program for Jimmy Savo that was in the air as long as two years ago has at last come off. The long run of "The Boys from Syracuse" helped delay it, but now the New England Playhouse, at Ridgefield, under Mr. Philip S. Carr's management, has it and makes the first presentation. Mr. Savo's own intention, doubtless, is to work along through a number of engagements, try-outs and experiments with various numbers, revisions and technical adjustments, until he finds what he wants for a New York opening. It seems he has an endless list of possibilities so far as the sketches and subjects go, all of them created by himself.

The program now first offered is described as "an entirely new One-Man Musical Revue, originated, written and prepared by Mr. Savo himself, with music from Bach, Beethoven, Schumann and Strauss." "Mum's the Word" begins with a Prologue, in which the little boy runs away from home, and ends with an Epilogue where the little boy is going home again. Between these some ten or twelve sketches, of astonishing variety for a little boy, appear. "Swedish Idyll," where the strong maiden gathers flowers, tells her fortune, dreams; "The Doctor Gets an Emergency Call," where the hospital porter performs an operation and lays off when the bell sounds; "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," a contribution to Molière; "Lady Bug! Lady Bug," a Chinese concert singer with delicate nursery rhymes from Old Cathay; "Afternoon of a Washerwoman," an incident along a stream; scenes of a choirboy and his dog; and a kind of Thurber Eve tempted by the serpent (what a spangled gem of sin he is!)—these give an idea of what is covered by Mr. Savo's one-man show.

Of the list the least successful, in my opinion, are those in which a direct pathos is attempted—the boy and the run-over dog, for example, or the new variation on the Ol' Man River theme. For one thing these pieces tend to last much too long. But the main point is that in a genius like Mr. Savo's the quality of the pathetic is always tangential; the pathos must come as an aside, so to speak; a flash, a reminder, a hidden music, human and touching and intangible; a moment that before we can put our finger on it, is gone to where it will never leave us.

The realistic, direct attempt at pathos is one of the almost inevitable temptations that come at length to talented comics. After having long been loved because they break your heart while making you smile or roar, and after having long been told of the pitiful, dear appeal they have for us, they make a direct try for this cherished element, they make a straight attempt to do the pathetic. The result is total loss—and the very admirers who egged them on to it are the first to find it disappointing. This is serious, important advice for Mr. Savo, who is a thousand times over worth advising—who is in fact one of a handful of authentic talents in our American theatre.

The Molière piece, for example, seemed to me quite dull. On the other hand, the washerwoman's afternoon, with its Russian Ballet reminiscence and its marvelous wit, was astonishing, was beautiful in mind, beautiful in a screaming, indefinable rhythm and surprise. The beloved version of "River, Stay 'Way from My Door"—forced out of Mr. Savo as an encore—is something that defeats analysis; it is all based on grotesque whim, dancing, and a whole world of plastic fancy and technique such as is found in nobody else we have. This mime, clown, variety singer, sweet spirit, poet of the comic and tragic grotesque, this song, dance and chronicle of our time—he should experiment with these creations of his, make his decisions, and presently, all on his own, all the program his, come back to Broadway and knock us off our feet. STARK YOUNG

A Communication

J'Accuse

SIR: "I accuse." I accuse in England precisely those same obscure forces that undermined the honor and efficiency of the French Army in the days of the Dreyfus trial. So that it is natural to head this article with Zola's emphatic phrase. Today we English, all honest Frenchmen and indeed all the liberal and creative forces of mankind, confront that very same treachery he challenged, grown now to monstrous proportions. We defend the same cause today, the freedom, the rights of individual common men, liberty, equality and fraternity, against an unholy alliance between privilege, prejudice and reactionary suppression on the one hand and this new gangster militarism on the other that threatens to overwhelm the world. The evil of the old order puts itself under the protection of the new Hooligan.

This accusation I make in the plainest terms. In this country, as in France before reaction threw aside all pretense, a deliberate and systematic intimidation of liberal-minded foreigners is going on. So that even while we are actually at war with the Axis Powers and their subjugated "allies," people in positions of authority and advantage in this country are allowing, and not simply allowing but stimulating and organizing, the collection, internment and ill-treatment of all those disaffected subjects of our enemies who would be most willing and able to organize internal resistance in their own countries on our behalf. This Nazi work is being done openly in this country, in the name of this country. Everything is being done to convince these people who have sought our aid and protection that the fate that has overtaken their fellow refugees in France may come to them in their turn, that Britain is willing to betray them and will betray them, as France has betrayed its Spanish and German refugees, and that the best prospect of safety for them is to make their peace with our enemies quickly, now, and do whatever is required of them here against us. This is not a case of administrative stupidity; that is my point; it is a case of enemy activity entrenched in our midst.

It is only recently that my eyes have been opened to the real quality of this attack from within. Two years and more ago I signed the naturalization papers of a very distinguished anti-Nazi Austrian writer. I had had some experience of the difficulties and requirements of what Mr.

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Wickham Steed calls the Fifth Arm, at Crewe House, and I supported this application by pointing out just how valuable his citizenship would be to us. Someone—and it ought to be quite easy to trace the guilty party—held up that naturalization for two whole years, and the writer in question is now a victim of the Class C rule. I wrote a brief letter to The Times stating this case, which I still imagined to be exceptional. Forthwith further letters appeared, some in The Times, some in other papers, some—and these were the most significant ones—privately addressed to me; questions were asked in the House of Commons; and in spite of a plain indication of a disposition to use black-out curtains to stifle the process, the ventilation of the matter began. One very remarkable feature common to most of the private letters is the evident conviction of their writers that their complaints will not be printed. They have been silenced here; they have been warned to keep quiet there. More and more plainly does it appear that what I had supposed to be the act of some single, stupid, lazy or oddly prejudiced individual, some belated Munich or what not, is in reality one detail in a *carefully planned wrecking campaign to anticipate and prevent any attack upon enemy morale abroad.*

The campaign extends to American citizens. Says Mr. R. F. Lane:

> We have had to sell our cars, suffer suspension from ARP activities, may not ride bicycles, must keep curfew hours, are forbidden to enter certain districts, and some of us, who live in restricted areas, have had to move at short notice. We have to obtain police permission to spend a night away from home, and now we must surrender any maps or guide books in our possession.

The cases became grimmer, of husbands and wives separated and each ignorant of the fate of the other; of old and ailing people thrust into conditions of extreme hardship; of unhappy beings driven to suicide—all of them Class C people whose cases had already been considered by tribunals and many of them individuals who had actually been invited to the hospitality and protection of liberal Britain. The matter was taken up in the House very ably, in a spirit of protest and pity, by Miss Eleanor Rathbone.

The commotion, the public distress, shame and indignation grows, and soothing and largely untruthful statements that the Home Office is "taking steps . . . to mitigate the difficulties and hardships" and so forth are being issued. But I hear of very little actual mitigation. To pick out and make a parade now of a few cases of reparation and reinstatement will do nothing to touch the core of the matter.

I am convinced that if this matter is not handled vigorously now, and with considerable hardness of method, the scoundrels—for scoundrels they are—responsible for this sterilization of the insurrectionary movement against enemy governments, scoundrels working indeed in the frankest cooperation with Nazi terrorism, may even now get away with it by shaking their heads sadly and talking of the "hard necessities of war." The hard necessity of our present situation is to identify, punish and repudiate that nest of traitors immediately, and to replace them as promptly by men and women who are prepared to encourage, organize and arm to the utmost the forces of revolt in France, Germany, Spain, Holland, Belgium, Scandinavia and all the subjugated countries generally in one vigorous common fight against repression. That is not only the path of righteousness and human service, but of clear common sense as well. There is a fine heroic note about the phrase "Britain fights alone," but while these pro-Nazi officials remain at their posts, Britain will be fighting with one arm tied tight behind her back.

The offenders are tangible, visible, and until recently they have been impudent. I think they ought to be shot or hanged out of hand, but maybe I am taking this war too seriously. The higher the safer is our wartime tradition. Anyhow, an end must be made to this mischief if we are to escape disaster.

London H. G. WELLS

[Mr. Wells's article was written several weeks ago and sent by mail. In the interval, the British government has again and more firmly promised to mitigate the harsh treatment of interned aliens.

Class C aliens are those considered least likely to be secret agents of the enemy. They have comparative freedom of movement. Class B aliens may not go more than five miles from their domicile. Class A are locked up. – THE EDITORS]

The Bandwagon

Michael Dorfman, president of the Hay Fever Sufferers Society of America, started a campaign yesterday to stop well meaning people from saying "gesundheit" when anyone sneezes. Instead, he insists, everyone ought to say "God Bless America." – *Item printed in The New York Daily News.*

Irene Hervey, backstage at the Paramount Theatre, tells me of the newest wrinkle in raising dough for the Red Cross in Hollywood: in Ann Meredith's beauty salon, for twenty-five cents per nail, the girls have a tiny American flag pasted on top of the polish. – *From Ed Sullivan's column in The New York Daily News.*

We will institute a reform in sports and, instead of a few, all youths will be encouraged to participate. For the girls we will adopt athletics preparing them for their real role in life—to bear children. – *Jean Ybarnegary, Minister of Youth and Family, in a United Press dispatch from Vichy, printed in The New York Post.*

Paths of Glory

A German aviator who had bailed out from a crippled plane and hidden in woods in the Bristol area for nine days was captured by Lady Buckland, sister-in-law of Lord Camrose, it was announced today. Lady Buckland was being driven by her chauffeur when he saw the flier at the side of the road. Acting under Lady Buckland's instructions, the chauffeur put the German in the front seat of the car and drove him and Lady Buckland to a police station.

"Lady Buckland feels she had done only what any other Englishwoman would have done," a member of her staff told reporters today. – *London dispatch printed in The New York Times.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

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Correspondence

Election in Mexico

SIR: In spite of what the American papers said, the elections here in Mexico passed without much more disturbance than one usually finds in Kentucky mountain towns. Perhaps fifty people were killed throughout Mexico; perhaps two hundred were wounded. With the exception of twelve deaths in Iguala, all the casualties were in Mexico City where the Almazanistas did their best to create disturbances they could attribute to the forces of Camacho.

Most of the trouble arose over control of the election tables which are supervised, according to Mexican law, by the first five to arrive in the morning. In an unwise effort to lean backward toward justice, Cardenas *did not* have soldiers at the polling place; hence, when the Almazanistas arrived with pistols in early morning, they had little trouble in taking control of the booths. About two-thirds of the tables were controlled by the Almazon followers. As the Camachistas were generally unarmed, they often had to resort to the expedient of closing the doors of the voting place, thus keeping pistol-shooting Almazanistas and their own voters out. Because of this situation, Cardenas himself was unable to vote. (All of the foregoing is from newspaper friends, and newspapers, as I was not in Mexico City election day.)

In Acapulco, where a number of my Louisville friends were, everything was quiet. The voting places seemed about equally divided between supporters of Camacho and Almazan, although Acapulco is in the State of Guerrero where Almazon was born, and the relatively unpolitical Indian generally votes for the native son. In Taxco, also in Almazan's native state, where I spent election day, there were demonstrations by marchers for Almazan in front of the Camacho headquarters which consisted mostly of shouting "Viva Almazan" in the manner of college sophomores just before class games. Twenty-three of the twenty-five tables were controlled by Almazanistas and there was a large majority in favor of Almazan (nearly everyone in town wore a green Almazan ribbon). The PRN reports (all reports remain unofficial until the deputies have finished their count in September) gave Camacho something like a one hundred to one majority in both Acapulco and Taxco, but this may represent the best knowledge of the vote counters inasmuch as the Almazanistas counted their votes separately throughout the country and have not allowed the PRN to see their ballots. It is therefore pretty likely that the only exaggeration in the election reports is in the number of votes given the Camachistas by the Almazanistas and vice versa (ten percent in each case) since the only votes either side counted came from their own tables.

Obviously, this was not a democratic election in any true sense of the word, but I agree with Bloch in The Nation that the PRN did its best to make it one since it did not use the army or the CTM militia to control the polling places.

I cannot agree nearly as readily with Bloch's belief that there is now no danger of a revolution. None of my better informed friends (a Mexican-American whose brother edits a pro-Camacho trade paper, The Daily Worker correspondent, and Bill Krehm) believed there was much likelihood of a revolution until September, when the count for president is made official. Almazan's party, the PRUN, set up a separate Chamber of Deputies to count their votes (it has since been disbanded); Almazan's recent trip to Cuba, which coincided with the Pan-American Conference, was probably at least an effort to sound out the American State Department's attitude toward him; his trip to the United States, announced in the Mexican papers yesterday, is perhaps an effort to get oil-company financial support for a September revolution; Almazan's paper, ironically called The Free Man, and various red-lettered leaflets, are declaring with masterly demagoguery that Almazan will expect to be treated as President-elect when he lands in Mexico, that there is danger Camacho will try to duplicate Franco's Spanish putsch, that Cardenas had better read Almazan's warning.

Whether or not Cardenas uses strong measures against the proposed August Camacho demonstrations probably depends upon the attitude of the oil companies and the United States State Department, for Almazan would not venture a revolt without some support. It is a heartening sign that Mexico and the United States seem to be on better terms since Cardenas spoke out against fascism and since Mexico and the United States agreed at the Pan-American Conference.

Mexico, D. F. HARVEY WEBSTER

Note of Alarm

SIR: As a contributor to The New Republic for some years, and a reader for many more, may I say that I view with both alarm and regret the very noticeable change in attitude of the magazine in the past two months.

It seems to me that you have gone "emotional" on us in a way I would never have believed possible, and the one remaining clear eye is that of Mr. John T. Flynn, for whom you now apologize.

Monterey, Calif. RUSSELL WILLIAMS

More Fighting Words

SIR: In his review of "Fighting Words" Mr. Cowley took the occasion to publish his letter of resignation from the League of American Writers. This presented a version of the League's activities and policies by one who was opposed to them. It would only be fair to the League and to your readers to present the League's version. It might be added that Mr. Cowley saw fit to give his letter to the public before there was an opportunity for the National Board to consider it.

Mr. Cowley intimates that a large section of the League has resigned. In the critical eleven months of the war, resignations from the League have totaled fewer than one hundred out of a membership of eight hundred, during which time the League has added thirty new members. This record speaks well of the League's activities and policies as carrying out the will of its membership during a difficult period when it was subject to attacks from the Dies Committee and other reactionary groups.

When differences developed regarding the political attitude of the League, efforts were made to arrive at a minimum agreement under which the League could maintain its unity and continue its work. That it continued under these conditions to carry on valuable work Mr. Cowley himself admits, though he mentions only one of its activities. That Mr. Cowley and a few others no longer wish to collaborate in this work is deeply regretted by the League, but the work will go on.

The difference between the position of the League and of the few Board members who resigned was that they favored measures which seemed to the majority of the League to lead to involvement in the war. The opinion of this majority was given in a recently issued statement from which we quote:

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We yield to no one in our unalterable hatred and opposition to fascism. We have helped create the genuine anti-fascist spirit of the American people. . . . In regard to the defense of America, we take our position in the front line of the defenders of our American peace, our American democracy, our American civil liberties, and we will defend these against foreign invaders as we defend them against enemies at home. A defense of seacoasts and towns is incomplete if it does not also defend these American treasures. We insist, therefore, that the military defense program not be made an excuse for attack on social legislation or on the liberties of the people, for if that is done the defense program will be a concealed invasion of precisely the fascist type it proposes to guard us against; and therefore we deplore the use of a defense program to arouse hysteria under the cover of which attacks have already been made upon the Walsh-Healey Act, upon the trade unions and our civil liberties.

In this statement we associate ourselves with the published resolutions of labor and other progressive forces of America. To suggest that this means that the League has joined company "with the appeasers and the reactionaries," with "Father Coughlin and Henry Ford," is an affront to the whole progressive movement, and serves "to confuse American democracy rather than to defend it."

New York City THE NATIONAL BOARD OF THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WRITERS

[The League of American Writers seems to be comforted by the fact that only one-eighth of its members (including a third or more of its elected officers) have written formal letters of resignation. But many others have resigned by the simple process of not writing letters and not paying their dues. Considering how this weakens the valuable work that the League ought to be doing, in helping exiled writers and fighting for civil liberties at home, the National Board might think twice about its present policies.

I read with interest that the Board members who resigned "favored measures which seemed to the majority of the League to lead to involvement in the war." Those measures were simply the military defense of this country. The Board quotes against me two passages from its recent keep-us-out-of-war statement. With these passages, and these alone, I might wholly agree if I knew just what they meant.

Thereby hangs a tale. The passage beginning, "In regard to the defense of America," was added to the original statement as the result of a motion by one of the members who later resigned, and was violently opposed by the party-liners. They accepted it in the end, but only after a change of wording. At first one sentence had read, "A defense of seacoasts and towns *is necessary but* is incomplete if it does not also defend these American treasures." At the request of the party-liners, and after long debate, the words in italics were stricken out—with the result that nobody could be certain whether this league of writers and political pundits believed or didn't believe that the defense of our seacoasts and towns was necessary. The drama was turning into farce and I went home. – M. C.]

Change Your Oil, Mister?

SIR: The New Republic seems to be one of the few papers that can print the truth without worrying as to how it might affect some national advertising account. In this connection, it would be hard to find a better cause than that of automobile lubrication. My interests are miles from the automobile or accessory business except as a car owner. It has been the practice for oil companies to urge that it is of prime importance that the oil in automobile crank cases be changed every thousand miles. Recently the Petroleum Institute of America (if I recall the name correctly) crystalized as an absolute dictum that he who uses his oil for more than a thousand miles is in danger of inflicting serious injury to his car. According to my experience over a considerable period of years, this is absolute bunk.

I have been driving Buicks with oil filters during all that period. Several years ago in launching its new models, Buick made a selling point of the fact that the oil need be changed only four times a year. Later for some unknown reason this was withdrawn from their instruction book. Since they started me on this schedule, I have been running my cars almost exactly 16,000 miles per year, so I merely translated this into a rule of changing the oil every 4,000 miles. The car I am now driving has gone 35,000 miles. The engine operation is the marvel of the garage men. It is operating more smoothly and efficiently than at any time thus far in its life. I am particular to have my oil filter changed every 10,000 miles and my air and gas cleaners at the correct intervals. If I am right, the great body of our automobile drivers are being hoodwinked to the tune of millions of dollars a year to the great profit of oil manufacturers.

Atlanta, N. Y. H. A. WHIPPLE

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Joe Horrell, who is teaching English and working for his Ph.D. at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, sends us an open letter to the President on a subject many people are writing letters about. If the country needs him for military training, he says, he is perfectly willing to give up a year that happens to be quite important to his present and future. But he finds a joker in the present conscription set-up. He throws a year and very possibly a job away, he points out. What about the manufacturers who will get a name for being patriotic by nothing more than cashing checks for ten-percent profit on government orders? They are "from eighteen to sixty-five," most of them, and what do they throw away more than the ink it takes for endorsement? Well, Mr. Horrell, they will probably have to contribute quite a heavy tax on champagne. . . . Snowden T. Herrick (Yale '40) says that on the subject of the softball-game riots in New Haven as mentioned in our "Notes of a Week" (July 29), we read too many newspapers. His explanatory and friendly letter lays the disorder pretty definitely to a few city desks—and to distinctly bad taste on the boys-will-be-boys front. In a spirit of clean fun one team called itself Soviet and the other walked to the plate with a goose-step, and everything would have ended on that hilarious bit of stale air if some women's-clubbers hadn't passed the field in the seventh inning and stretched off clucking "Laws to Betsy!" at every street intersection and imagining fifth columns for jaded editors to add up. Everyone else can forget Yale boys and their fun-loving pranks: why can't New Haven?

Alexander Adelheim of Philadelphia wants an American army that will know what it is armed for and against. He suggests first that we should take warning from the ruinous dissension within the middle class in Europe and do something about its economic insecurity here; second that we should strengthen democratic morale in the armed forces by a "program of cultural and political education." Which, as we have been saying for some twenty-five years, is nice work if you can get it done. . . . The American Guild for German Cultural Freedom (20 Vesey Street, New York City) needs sponsors for anti-Nazi refugees who are still in France, and still have a chance of getting out. The affidavit of sponsorship technically binds the signer to responsibility for the support of the immigrant. Seventy-one sponsors are needed immediately.

T. J. Steward of Los Angeles memorializes us against lumping the term communism along with fascism and Nazism: "To identify communism with the Communist Party is like identifying science with Christian Science." Letter received and contents noted.

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Propaganda in Our Time

THE EXCELLENCES of the new Institute of Propaganda book[1] belong to its authors; its weaknesses belong to the intellectual climate of our time. Both are considerable.

To start with, Mr. Lavine and Mr. Wechsler have done a first-rate job of craftsmanship—large masses of material well handled, a lively and intimate sense of the channels through which opinion is formed, details fitted into a colorful mosaic. They have written as complete a record as we have thus far of the attempts by Britain, France, Germany and Russia (in a descending order of emphasis and importance) to influence American opinion and policy on the war. They have treated censorship as well as propaganda; dealt with the radio, the movies, the newspaper columns, the drama, the pulp magazines; examined the official handouts and the unofficial "plants" for correspondents; looked "inside the lie factories." In one sense they are a step ahead of the standard American works on the propaganda of the First World War. While Lasswell and Millis and Peterson had to wait until their war was over before they studied it, the present authors have photographed the bird on the wing.

But that has its dangers. Like almost everyone else, the authors seem to have been unprepared for the change in the character of the war. One gathers that most of the book was written before the invasion of Norway, and the final chapter added within a week after the invasion. The book is thus on the propaganda of the Sitzkrieg rather than of the Blitzkrieg. More serious (the greatest single weakness of the book) is its failure to deal adequately with German propaganda while dealing more than adequately with the Allied propaganda. Only one brief chapter out of ten is directly devoted to Germany. This has nothing to do, of course, with the personal animus of the authors which, for all the paraphernalia of detachment in the book, is anti-Nazi. It flows rather from two other sources. One is that German propaganda, operating secretly as part of the whole German social and administrative organism and in the face of American hostility, is more tortuous and less accessible for the American writers than is, let us say, Lord Lothian's appearance at a Newport charity fête or a speech by Alfred Duff Cooper. The second source is the authors' failure to grasp the relation of propaganda to the Nazi scheme of total warfare.

In a sense the propaganda of war has undergone recently a revolution as profound as the technics of war. I am not speaking of a change in the basic strategy of either. German war strategy is still (if our experts are to be believed) the strategy of Clausewitz and Schlieffen; and similarly German propaganda may have made no great discoveries that can be labeled as such in their outward shape and smell. Dr. H. C. Peterson, who knows the propaganda of the First World War, has remarked that there is nothing particularly original about the devices Goebbels now uses, and that many of them still smell of the shelves from which they have been taken. That may be true. Where then does the revolution in propaganda come in? Just as the German war machine is a mechanized, planned, coördinated, and ruthless economic and administrative system, so the novelty of German propaganda lies less in new devices than in its integration with the rest of the activity of the Nazi war lords. It lies in the whole framework of the creation of terror and passivity, and the uses to which they are put.

I fear that the reader will get far more insight into German war propaganda and the United States from Rauschning's "Voice of Destruction" and Taylor's "Strategy of Terror" than from this book. And the reason is that, while Rauschning and Taylor have little to say about America, they have understood the shift of axis in Nazi war propaganda which wrought the appeasement havoc in Europe and is now producing its impact on America. One phase of the German propaganda effort is aimed at us only indirectly: it is the propaganda of completed terrorism in Europe, with meaningful implications for us. The other is directed squarely toward us: the links with Coughlinite, Christian Front, Ku Klux Klan activities here (the authors do a good job on these); the activities of the German and Italian ambassadorial and consular staffs; the activities of the *Auslandsorganization* of the Nazi Party, under the Gauleiter for America, E. W. Bohle, who is not even mentioned in the book; the decorations given to key American figures like Henry Ford, Colonel Lindbergh, Thomas J. Watson, James D. Mooney; the stream of anti-Semitic and anti-alien literature; the organized calumny of President Roosevelt and his whole administration; the aid given to isolationist and pacifist rallies and movements; the intimate talks of men like Westrick with American business leaders to win them over to appeasement. This is the real German war propaganda in the United States—meant to cripple, confuse, demoralize, terrify us until the time when Hitler can turn his main attention to us.

Why have the authors failed here? Largely, I think, because they start with a false notion about what propaganda is. And that in turn has less to do with them than with the widespread disease of sloppy thinking about propaganda in our time.

Let me quote from the introduction to the book, signed by two directors of the Institute of Propaganda Analysis, Clyde Miller and E. C. Lindeman. It defines propaganda as "a method utilized for influencing the conduct of others on behalf of predetermined ends." From this it follows unerringly that "every articulate person with a purpose is a propagandist." But this is to regard as propaganda the whole range of intellectual activity, and to reduce the effort at propaganda analysis to an absurdity. In these terms a book on war propaganda and the United States would have logically to be a book surveying the words and activities of every articulate person who has sought to influence American policy according to his ends. And if this is true, then the truism with which the introduction opens, "we live in a propaganda age," would be no truer of our age than of any other.

I have no particular animus against this conception of propaganda, other than its uselessness. If we interpret all efforts to shape our foreign policy as propaganda, how shall we distinguish between a Presidential message, an editorial in The New Republic, a Coughlin broadcast, a classroom discussion, a speech by Joe McWilliams, a congressional

[1] War Propaganda and the United States, by Harold Lavine and James Wechsler. New Haven: Yale University Press. 373 pages. $2.75.

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debate, a column by Westbrook Pegler, a communiqué from the German army staff, a manifesto by the Harvard Defense Group, a broadcast by Elmer Davis, an appeal for relief funds, a photograph of mangled children, a sermon by Father Curran? Anything that holds them all together must be a clumsy receptacle indeed.

It is little wonder that in such a mental climate we have become a nation of amateur detectives looking for concealed propaganda in every effort to awaken America to the real nature of Nazi world strategy. It may be because we have felt cheated and disenchanted by our role in the last war, and are determined never again to be tricked. The result is reminiscent of the rural visitor to the World's Fair, who had heard so much of the pickpockets, the sirens and the false enchantments of the big city that he spent all his time eluding their snares and at the end found that he had failed to see anything. For America today the important thing has become to *see* the dimensions and conditions of our world. And we shall never do that if we reject as propaganda every fact in it which may lead to action. To view, as this book tends to, the whole realm of opinion as one of "competing propagandas," and every effort at persuasion as an effort at propaganda is to see the world through the word instead of through the thought and deed, in monstrously inflated terms. The consequence is a collective indecision which makes us powerless against the single-minded intelligence and the ruthless will of Hitlerism. And, curiously, this same bland envelopment in a universal skepticism, which paralyzes our action and strips us of all sense of values, leaves us in the end a prey to the real propaganda and the real Fifth Columnism of Hitler's agents. A mind without beliefs is incapable of criticism, heroism, or tragedy. If you suspect everything indiscriminately you end by suspecting nothing very strongly.

What conception of propaganda then would be a usable one? I suggest toward a working definition, first: that not all efforts at persuasion for predetermined ends are propaganda, but that the beginning of wisdom here lies in making distinctions. I do not mean distinctions between "good" and "bad" propaganda, which seem to me worse than useless, since those terms have meaning only in a subjective estimate made by the observer. I suggest, second: that the propagandist is primarily a manipulator of beliefs, emotions, symbols. When I call him a manipulator I say that his primary concern is to find the symbol or argument that will work, that he concentrates only on the relation of his device to his end. I suggest, therefore, third: that for the propagandist the validity of his material or the sincerity of his own belief in what he is saying are irrelevant. He may be stating what is factually so, or he may not: even Goebbels has been known to say truthful things or, for all his cynicism, things he believed. But if what the propagandist says is valid or sincere it is in the deepest sense an accident—*i.e.* beside the point. I suggest, fourth (and most important): that there is always in the propagandist some crucial concealment, some relevant duplicity. He sees all the cards, you do not. And the card he is not showing you is the very card which, if you saw it, would deflect you from the belief the propagandist intends you to have or the action he wills you to take. From this standpoint the talk about "a propaganda of reason" simply makes no sense.

Any such attempt at definition must be judged by whether it enables us to salvage out of the wreck of beliefs some materials for a critical credo. I disagree strongly with the impassioned isolationism of Charles Beard: but that does not make him a propagandist, since however predetermined his ends may be, his passion is spent in analyzing and urging rather than manipulating. William Allen White's Committee to Aid Britain may echo Lord Lothian's appeal for the sale of American destroyers, but that does not make the committee a propagandist group unless it deliberately conceals some crucial item such as (if it were true) the fact that America cannot spare the destroyers, or (again if it were true) that the committee has hidden connections with the British government. Hitler may well believe his own anti-Semitism as Goebbels may disbelieve his, yet both are propagandists, just as Coughlin is, since they never reveal that anti-Semitism is for them primarily a device for power through spreading confusion and hatred. The Nazi talk of the American threat to the sovereignties of the Latin-American countries is propaganda: partly because the aim is not to help Latin-America but to entangle it, and partly because on the record the Nazi solicitude about the sovereignty of nations is hypocritical. Whether Lindbergh is a propagandist or only a naïve and confused young man depends upon what relations he may have with the Bundist and native Fifth Column groups who staged his mass-meeting, since the concealment of such a relation would indicate that his attempt was not to persuade for American ends but to manipulate opinion for Nazi ends. Always there are as the basic tests the intent to manipulate, the irrelevance of validity or sincerity, the concealment of some crucial ingredient of belief.

All this is difficult. But the lumping of all degrees of propaganda and persuasion is worse than difficult—it is destructive. If we could get along without propaganda as a concept, I should be the first to rejoice over its embers. But since we must have it, let us restrict it, make it wieldy and sharp, and turn its sharpness against the possibility of a propaganda-dominated world. And we shall do that only if we use propaganda analysis to create, and not to avoid, a body of belief.

MAX LERNER

Sonnet on Sound

We move through time and space convoyed by bells
By voices toying with the clink of chains,
By clock, by key, by wheel, by all that spells
The play of thunders at the lightning veins—
By lion's roar of crowd, by subway crush,
By audience applause, by rivet's din,
By footsteps in the canyons of a hush—
Till sound becomes a sort of second skin.

We live within a hornet's nest of noise
A stone's throw from the last oblivion:
And all our being, one enormous voice,
Capping the vacuum of sound roars on
Above the bustling nearness of the years—
Until the silence shall appall our ears.

OSCAR WILLIAMS

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Books in Review

Vienna: Idyll and Earthquake

ONE OF THE CHARACTERISTIC literary forms of our period has been the novel of contemporary history, based on a socialist analysis of society. The most obvious examples are the Frenchman André Malraux, in his novels of the Chinese and the Spanish Revolutions, and the Italian, Ignazio Silone. Dos Passos' "Manhattan Transfer" and "U.S.A." also more or less belong to this group; and so do the strike novels of Robert Cantwell, William Rollins and Mary Heaton Vorse. Jules Romains, with a point of view rather different, has something in common with it. And there is always the Old Archetype, Upton Sinclair, to whom the whole school owes much—including even the fiction and theater of the Soviet Union itself in its more serious Marxist phase. In this phase, the Russians produced what are probably, together with Malraux's novels, so far the most successful attempts to dramatize the revolutionary crisis proper: the best of the Soviet films of the Eisenstein-Pudovkin period.

Franz Hoellering's "The Defenders,"[1] now comes to take its place in this company. It is the story of the crisis in Vienna during the first months of 1934—a picture of the life of the city at the time of the events which culminated in the shooting of the socialist workers and the destruction of their model dwellings by the government headed by Dollfuss—events which prepared the way for the victory of the Nazis. Mr. Hoellering is a Viennese journalist, with an intimate knowledge of Austria and much experience of radical politics; but his book is not at all the usual thing in the way of revelations by exiled journalists. It is not a fictionized version of history; it is a novel about contemporary society in the same sense as Malraux's "Man's Fate." The author has reproduced with precision the atmosphere, the manners, the language of the particular time and place; but he has tried to keep as far away as possible from the mere hour-by-hour chronicle of the newspapers, and to indicate the typical character of the particular situation by omitting all the newspaper names. Thus he calls Dollfuss simply "the Chancellor," as it might be any public official placed as Dollfuss was placed.

What interests Mr. Hoellering are the ordinary people. His Defenders are the heterogeneous elements who find themselves, unexpectedly and with an imperfect solidarity among themselves, trying to stem the mounting flood of fascism. These elements are the class-conscious proletariat, with the trained engineers who have come out of them, but who still retain the allegiance of their origins; the socialist bourgeoisie; the serious intellectual workers; and the cultivated and pacific landed nobility. You have four principal groups of characters representing these four different strata: the factory, the shop, the university and the country estate.

From one to another of these distinct milieux—which touch and mingle in the course of the story—we are made to pass so easily that we are at first hardly conscious of the fact that we are being given a pretty solid grounding in the Austrian social structure. "The Defenders" is quite free from the crudeness of the systematic socialist novel, which draws its diagram and makes its demonstration. We have the illusion of living in Vienna as a visitor with letters of introduction, and making the acquaintance of a number of people who are almost all pleasant and sympathetic and who are all part of a rather easy-going, rather intelligent and rather friendly community. Mr. Hoellering has not Malraux's intensity—the nervous fierceness of the French Marxist-Romantic, played upon by the conscienceless cruelties and the unhesitating heroisms of the Orient. He has the qualities of his quite different background. The peculiar genius of Malraux produces its deformations as well as its white-hot symbols: most of his characters tend to give the impression of going mad in solitary confinement, like the hero of "Days of Wrath." But the people who appear in "The Defenders" become significant without ceasing to be natural, without ceasing to be sociable and charming, without ceasing to be seen in daylight.

These people are handled with a delicacy usually foreign to the socialist novel. There is no trace of the conventional socialist melodrama. The Social Democratic alderman and his hysterical Leftist son; the baron, who loses his estate to the Heimwehr and his fiancée to a young engineer; the workers in the underground movement, who cut short their prosaic lives by the martyrdom of the streets and the jail—these are not played off against one another by the contrasts and confrontations to which we have become accustomed. Baron von Wiesner is in a weak position through his virtues as well as through his shortcomings: it is not necessary to show that he is decadent; Mother Merk performs the duties, meets the dangers, which circumstances as well as a straight character have finally forced upon her: it is not necessary to make her a saint. The variety of political types who make themselves known in the course of a strike are depicted precisely as they come, with no propaganda of party or of party line intervening to idealize or to smear them. This, to my mind, is the real originality and the prime beauty of Mr. Hoellering's book: that he is able to achieve the values which make for a revolutionary moral without violating the human values. Even the persons who in the course of the story are destined to turn into fascists—the envious second-rate professor; the discontented provincial bounder, whom the World War has raised to be a major and who has lost his position with the end of the War; the actor, who gives up the footlights to play a role in public life—are not caricatured, not condemned, but presented to us casually and coolly as members of the same community, whom we meet as we meet the others and who, though we may not particularly like them, do not appear to us of a different breed.

This community, between Christmas and spring and while going about its ordinary business, runs into a political crisis which accelerates, sharpens, deepens, and which, before these amiable people know it, has sent a fracture

[1] The Defenders, by Franz Hoellering. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 484 pages. $2.75.

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through the bedrock of their social structure and shaken them with the shudder of an earthquake. What happens to them—the shifting of old allegiances, the laying down of new antagonisms, which now take place through the whole length of society, from the people who fight in the streets to the people who scarcely know what is happening and hardly understand their own transformations—is Mr. Hoellering's story.

He has told it with remarkable skill. Four-fifths of "The Defenders" at least is absolutely absorbing: we have the impression that we are living what is happening as we rarely do with this kind of novel. The author's German is rather like English: simple, fluent, not begummed by long sentences; and the tone is rather French: dry and precise, but without the French edge, and with a pervasive underlying tenderness. Though there is an occasional sentimentality of situation, the presentation is never sentimental. Nor do the characters—always observed as *social* types, as is rarely the case in German fiction—tend to turn into the generalized concepts of German idealistic philosophy as they do with Thomas Mann. The translation by Ludwig Lewisohn is rapid and idiomatic.

The final pages of Mr. Hoellering's novel somehow fail to be quite so compelling as the sequences that have gone before. The meeting in the factory, where the workers stand up to the authorities and decide to join the general strike, seems to me the last of the scenes that is created with the full authenticity. The final scene between the lovers, the professor's daughter and the young engineer, just before the police break in, is relatively conventional and literary. And through all this latter part of the book there is too much of what the dramatics experts called "messengering," too much of the people at home waiting to hear from the scene of action. Where the characters of Malraux's "Man's Fate" realize themselves most completely under the terrible pressure of the crisis, the characters in "The Defenders" are seen in the final episodes with diminished rather than increased intensity.

But if this is true, it is perhaps partly due to the nature of the subject itself and to the way that Mr. Hoellering has chosen to treat it. It is of the essence of this subject and this treatment that the tragedy should take place in Vienna without the people's quite being able to face it and that the excitement it has caused should fade out, leaving the surface of life much as before. The story ends as it began, with the coffee house, where all classes of Viennese meet and where the same kind of general arguments, the same kind of personal intrigues, still appear to be in progress. But the changes are there, nevertheless. The geological fault from the earthquake still runs under the life of the city, ready to crack open again.

Mr. Hoellering does not try to explain the inevitability of the rise of fascism; nor does he indulge, on the other hand, in any unprofitable heroics about the parties that have been defeated. He simply tells us the story of what happened to those disparate and disunited elements who tried to fight for justice and reason against the invasion of the new streamlined tyranny. In the end, the professor's daughter, her lover dead in the working-class army, is left facing "the great challenge."

But such a book is, of course, in itself an affirmation of faith, and it is a victory of the spirit to have written it in our time and during years of exile. Mr. Hoellering is among those rare writers of the Left who have not allowed themselves to be blitzkrieged by what they read in the papers. He seems to have been totally unaffected by either Hitler or Stalin: in an age of frantic careerism and fanaticism, he has gone on being intelligent and humane. If the Defenders, defeated in Vienna, still fight on in this remarkable novel, the values of civilization they defended have perhaps been better expressed by the temper of the novel itself than would have been possible for any of the members of the various implicated groups, with their special emotions and interests, to have expressed them. In a period that rocks like a ship in a gale, a period of seasickness and panic, such work is a steadying contribution to the creative critical consciousness of our world.

EDMUND WILSON

Sieg Heil!

Decisive Battles: Their Influence upon History and Civilization, by Major-General J. F. C. Fuller. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1,069 pages. $4.50.

THERE HAVE BEEN books on "decisive battles" before. The difference between them arises necessarily from answers to the question: decisive for whom and for what? General Fuller's position in that regard is made clear by his choice of battles. He ignores Valmy (1792), where the modern mass armies gained a decisive triumph over the armies of absolutism. Instead, the General chooses to dilate on Vittorio Veneto, to my mind nothing but an act of scavenging committed on the prostrate body of an Austrian army exhausted largely by the exertions of other than Italian forces; he also includes chapters on Mai Chio (in Ethiopia) and Aragon. These three, together with Warsaw (1920), are the battles of fascism before 1939.

The decisive moment to Fuller is always the moment of appearance or reappearance of the great military leader. Military history is to him one long *Alexanderzug*, a chain and procession of the diverse conquerors through historical time. Disregarding the four-penny Alexanders, as Voltaire called the cheap soldiery of his age, General Fuller considers only those great and unique captains who seem to have eaten from the imperial dust of the heart of Alexander—to use the words of a sixteenth-century writer who viewed their restless doings, their wars and imperialism, as a "hunt for the good frontier" that cannot be found before reaching the limits of the known world.

In this order of heroes, Hannibal, Scipio, Caesar, Mohammed, Gustavus Adolphus, Frederick the Great and Napoleon—the author makes the mistake of accepting uncritically his post-defeat planning at St. Helena—are succeeded by Pilsudski, victor in the battle of Warsaw, said to have averted the Bolshevization of Europe. In the next edition it might be Adolphus Hitler. The latter's Italian ally, who has quite recently repeated the deed of Vittorio Veneto, is represented by Fuller as bearing a fragment of Alexander's star-embroidered mantle, in order to emphasize the notion that the Macedonian was the first Fascist. Ever since Alexander, in Fuller's view, the great leader has risen whenever society deteriorated by listening to the oracles of Zeus Mammon instead of to those of Zeus Am-

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mon, whom Alexander consulted in the desert. Is it perhaps the proximity of sea power to Mammonism that leads an Englishman to give decisive importance to only one battle at sea, that of Lepanto in 1571, among the forty land battles treated here?

General Fuller's opinions, those of a candidate for Mosley's party, serve to remind us that the rise of fascism, in Germany perhaps more than in Italy, was helped along by the views of military men. Today even civilians and non-Fascists may be coming round to the opinion that peace is "a pause between wars," as fascist doctrine likes to define it. The reading of military literature must and will increase in this country as time goes on, but it will not be necessary for those in search of information to plow through the thousand pages of General Fuller. Although they are based, as is claimed, on a thousand books, they also contain a surprising amount of amateur and even erroneous history, told in a bombastic style. The world outlook they reveal is far more fascist than British. In short, the book makes one wonder what General Fuller is thinking and doing in the present war and what he might do after it is closed.

ALFRED VAGTS

Still Living Thoughts

The Living Thoughts Library, edited by Alfred O. Mendel. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $1 each. Tom Paine, by John Dos Passos; Pascal, by François Mauriac; Jefferson, by John Dewey; Emerson, by Edgar Lee Masters.

THE FOUR VOLUMES of the Living Thoughts Library here issued together strangely supplement each other in various ways. Every insight involves a special blindness, its emphasis needing correction by some counter-emphasis, its truth the light of counter-truth. No philosopher is so myriad-minded as to embrace the cosmos; his reality is not destroyed but thrown into relief by other perspectives. So, here, Tom Paine's sturdy and common-sensible rationalism is balanced by the transcendentalism of Emerson; Emerson's disdain of convention, his scorn of mass-respectability, by Jefferson's belief in the common man; Jefferson by Pascal's dark feeling of human helplessness. Indeed, the terror Pascal felt before the eternal silence of unending space, his humbling of the reason, his sense of the sickness of man, is the gloomy pendulum to the clarion-assurance of the other three—as they are ringing Declarations of Independence in the face of all the hostile forces in the world.

Pascal speaks to us in those accents of awe and trembling in which the thinking reed that is man abases himself. The universe to which he gives a fearful eloquence was known no less to Bunyan and Jonathan Edwards and the lurid imagination of Dostoevsky. Somewhat of its terrors underly both the stoicism of Hardy and James Thomson's angry defiance. But M. Mauriac's introduction is written entirely from the Catholic point of view, and seems, indeed, blandly unaware of there being any other point of view; it limits Pascal's significance to the narrowly sectarian. And in the selections Mauriac emphasizes only the special pleading and the submission of the intellect, almost ignoring the celebrated irony that a writer so little Christian as Gibbon was able to adapt to far different ends.

It is pleasant to turn to the superior merits of the other three. Dos Passos does justice to the bravery, the humane vigor and the integrity of Paine's career; and no repetitions can dull Paine's splendid and virile rhetoric. Edgar Lee Masters is personal and enthusiastic in his presentation of Emerson's noble individualism, his faith in the inspired discontent of the soul. Emerson's apothegms and brief gnomic flashes lend themselves well to selection; those here included are melodious with his silvery courage and clear-tempered wisdom.

The best of the introductory essays is John Dewey's lucid and sympathetic presentation of Jefferson, "our first great democrat," "an idealist whose native faith was developed, checked, and confirmed by . . . practical experience." Emphasizing the range of Jefferson's interests, in which utilitarianism, cultural sensibility, and receptivity to innovation are mingled, he establishes Jefferson's claim to be "the most universal as a human being of all his American and perhaps European contemporaries." He points out that Jefferson's political ideas were of native origin, owing little to the French *philosophes*, and calls attention to Jefferson's insistence on the virtue of small units of local government and the need for periodical revision of the Constitution. If the selections harp a bit repetitiously on these last two points, they are meaty with other ideas veritably illustrating, as Professor Dewey says, "that union of principle and practice which seems to me to constitute the greatness of Jefferson."

EDGAR JOHNSON

Today in the Jungle

The Way to Santiago, by Arthur Calder-Marshall. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. 303 pages. $2.50.

THIS MAKES a lively story of intrigue and adventure in Mexico, told mostly through the doings of foreign interests and newspaper men but not excluding local trade unions, bad men, politicians and the life of the country. There are love affairs, fascists, adventurers, cynics and spies. But the main action starts with the murder of a too inquiring journalist and spreads out in the trip into the jungle of an English news-man who barely knows why he is risking his neck; big deals in Mexico City; the workers' movement in small and stinking villages; and the strange affairs of a mystery man called Señor Tom.

The various forces at work fit into modern world patterns well enough to give the fiction some contemporary weight—though the outcome from the point of view of story is a little haphazard, too easy for such large struggles. The writing is intelligent and knowing, and moves smartly. The characters, except for the occasional touch of delineation which lights up a roomful of people or a girl in the street, are not memorable. The tension holds up pretty well, and throughout there are enough scenes of person-to-person, and of man-before-the-unknown, that actually happen. Some of the intellectual play and universal motivation sketched in by the book would be lost in a movie: none the less, the violence and people mentioned here will become more real if Hollywood takes it up with the right producer, director, writers and cast. It makes good reading; it could make a smashing film.

OTIS FERGUSON

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A Reader's List

COUNTRY EDITOR, by Henry Beetle Hough (Doubleday, Doran, $3). Experiences of two New Yorkers who bought a small newspaper twenty years ago in Edgartown, on Martha's Vineyard, which they still edit enthusiastically. Incidental to their struggles with erratic equipment and problems peculiar to rural journalism are sketches of the islanders and the community, solid Americana. A book that wears well for leisurely reading.

FRONTIERS OF THE NORTHWEST, by Harold E. Briggs (D. Appleton-Century, $5). A thorough, conscientious account—and yet good reading—of the upper Missouri Valley and its conquest by the miner, the buffalo hunter, the cattle rancher, the sheep man, the settler and the farmer. All phases of social and economic life are given due emphasis. Well illustrated by contemporary photographs.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN POLITICS, edited by Thomas C. Donnelly (University of New Mexico, $3). A survey of political struggles in the eight Rocky Mountain States. The historical and economic setting is adequately treated; the statistics are never barren—in all, a standard work on the subject.

AN EMPIRE OF DUST, by Lawrence Svobida (Caxton, $3.50). When the author came to Meade County, Kansas, in 1929 no one knew that it was a doomed region, but heavy crops had exhausted the topsoil. In nine years of back-breaking effort he only made one crop, and that year the price of wheat was low. He describes the terrifying "Black Blizzard" of April 14, 1935, and believes that the land will never be habitable. Although factual and calm in style, the book is as moving as John Steinbeck's novels.

WAR AND PEACE IN FINLAND: A DOCUMENTED SURVEY, prepared and edited by Alter Brody, Theodore M. Bayer, Isidor Schneider, Jessica Smith (Soviet Russia Today, 25 cents). A collection of articles and documents presenting the story of Russo-Finnish conflict as it is understood by the Soviet leaders. Well done, and in some places tellingly true, as in its criticism of the American press, and of the sudden Franco-British solicitude for small nations.

HAITI AND THE UNITED STATES, 1714-1938, by Ludwell Lee Montague (Duke University Press, $3). A scholarly, unbiased history of Haitian-American relations, with emphasis on the use of the Monroe Doctrine, dollar diplomacy, naval strategy, and with no skipping of unsavory details. The author teaches history at Virginia Military Institute; his main contribution is on diplomatic events since 1850. Ten-page working bibliography; maps; an index.

THE ART OF MODERN WARFARE, by Hermann Foertsch, with an introduction by Major George Fielding Eliot (Veritas Press, $2.75). The publishers make the claim that Colonel Foertsch is "a twentieth-century Clausewitz." This is silly, as Foertsch has none of the philosophic depths of Clausewitz. But the book is valuable in showing how the new conceptions of modern warfare have permeated the German military mind. Grim reading. Recommended for West Pointers, present and prospective.

WE PRESENT TELEVISION, edited by John Porterfield and Kay Reynolds (Norton, $3). A collection of eleven articles written by specialists and designed to tell the layman what he should know about television. The material ranges from the technical aspects to the administration, financial and cultural aspects, with NBC authorities much in evidence. Plenty of useful information, numerous pictures. A sketch of the new FM radio system is timely. The moral of the book, implied rather than stated, is, Don't be in too great a hurry to buy television sets.

Fiction

DUTCH VET, by A. Roothaert (Macmillan, $2.50). How the veterinary Dr. Vlimmen lives, suffers, loves and works among the rustic, disconcertingly pious people of Southern Holland. The novel, which is better than its badly chosen title, moves at a somewhat too conscientious pace, but is bright with real people, has a round, sturdy touch of humor and gives an authentic picture of Dutch life.

NO OTHER MAN, by Alfred Noyes (Frederick A. Stokes, $2.50). Another novel about the last man and woman to survive the universal annihilation of the final war and get together to build Utopia. There is a Robinson Crusoe interest in the plot but not enough to balance interminable pages of argument for the thesis: that modern man's destruction was brought about by his rejection of Christianity.

LEGION OF DISHONOR, by Ivan Lebedeff (Liveright, $2). An entertaining, slight novel about the World War and an international group of deserters who hide away in an ancient castle in No Man's Land. A well balanced movie-blend of sentimentality, horror and heroism, with an American volunteer loving a kind-hearted Red Cross nurse. Hammock reading.

Contributors

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RAYMOND E. F. LARSSON's selected poems are being published this fall by Coward-McCann. The title is "Weep and Prepare."

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